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Reporting Russia

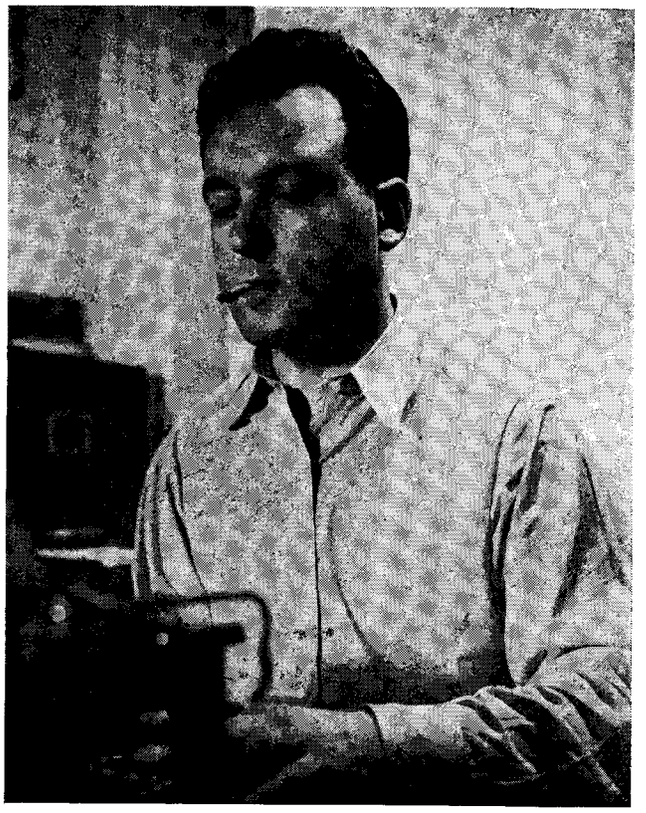
Twenty Years of Books on the Soviet Regime

BY EUGENE LYONS

BOOKS on Soviet Russia, as Max Eastman has pointed out recently in commenting on one of them, have become almost a form of literature. For twenty years now the manufacture of commentaries on the Russian Revolution has gone on without let-up. Few publishers' lists since 1917 have been without another contribution to the library of Sovietana, and the output for 1937, rounding out two voluble decades, has been unusually rich both in magnitude and in meaning.

Faced with a batch of new ones, Matthew Josephson in *The New Republic* sighs for some "moral or intellectual authority . . . strong enough to halt the overproduction" of books on Russia of the type that offend his political sensibilities. But he sighs in vain. The urge to set the world right on this subject, mostly in Me-and-Russia terms, has by no means spent itself. The greatest single event of our epoch, overshadowing even the World War of which it was an episode, is likely to stir articulate men and women for decades to come. The flood of books attests the significance of the Soviet undertaking for our times. It has aroused profound hopes and fears, challenging deep-rooted habits of thought, submitted smug faiths to flesh-and-blood tests, and exacted an appalling toll in human life. The intellectual assimilation of such an event is not a task for years but for generations.

A partial bibliography of the more important volumes in English carefully and fairly selected by Albert Rhys Williams in his last book, "The Soviets," lists 450 titles. A more comprehensive listing would certainly run into the thousands. The detailed compilation and analysis of the literature around the Russian Revolution therefore awaits the hand of some exceptionally hardy aspirant for a doctorate. This essay, of course, pretends to no such encyclopedic intention. Indeed, it disclaims specifically any puerile attempt to summarize twenty years of books on Russia. At most it aims to direct attention to a few high lights in the great expanse, admitting at the outset that in relation to living history what is high light for one observer is deep shadow for another.



EUGENE LYONS

In working out his thesis the courageous student would find it profitable to translate the course of this specialized literature into graphs showing the volume of output year after year, the fluctuations of published opinion of the Soviet experiment in its principal stages of development, the social make-up and political bias of the authors in relation to their views on Russia at any given stage, etc. Even a cursory inspection of the best-known books discloses, I think, a fairly clear pattern, and a full analysis would be likely to sharpen this pattern.

In that cursory inspection I limited myself to about 175 books in the English language, drawn chiefly from Mr. Williams's bibliography, and supplemented by reference to a good public library index. The choice was necessarily arbitrary: based primarily on my personal impression of the intrinsic importance and the public influence of the books. Since I have been pretty close to the revolution from its inception—at least to the portion of the revolution between book covers — that impression, while utterly subjective and unscientific, is not altogether without validity. Organizing the 175 books according to year of publication, I obtained the following general picture:

Production of books about Russia was large in the first five years of the revolution, 1917-21, obviously reflecting the intense interest evoked by a new and unprecedented social upheaval. The largest number in that period appeared in 1919 and 1920. In the following six years, 1922-27, corresponding to the period of the New Economic Policy (NEP), the output was at low tide. Evidently the compromise between socialist and capitalist forms of production, and the seemingly evolutionary nature of the period, acted as a damper on literary enthusiasm. Beginning, however, with 1928, the year in which Stalin finally consolidated his autocratic power, liquidated NEP, and initiated the melodramatic drive for industrialization and socialized farming, the tide rose sharply and continued to rise with every year. The high-water mark seems to have been reached in 1931, when nearly as many books about the U.S.S.R. were published in the United States as in the entire period of 1917-21. Thereafter there was some recession of volume, with the 1936 total a mere dribble, and a sharp revival in 1937.

In other words, the Soviet scene was under intense scrutiny of outside intellectuals immediately after the war; in-

Next Week

THE THIRD HOUR
By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD
Reviewed by William Maxwell

TALE OF BALI
By VICKI BAUM
Reviewed by Frances Woodward

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terest subsided when the capitalist world grew prosperous (in the era of capitalist stabilization, as Bolsheviks used to put it); and it reached new heights with the collapse of that prosperity, which provided dramatic contrast for the planned socialization carried on in Russia.

The effort to trace the literary reaction to Soviet Russia in terms of approval and disapproval is more interesting and far more difficult. I tried to classify those 175 books into those preponderantly friendly and those preponderantly hostile to the Soviet regime—depending, again, on my private impression of the total effect of a book, rather than upon its author's professed intentions, in tagging any book "pro" or "anti." Fifty being indeterminate in this respect, or not sufficiently familiar to me to permit tagging, the number was reduced to about 125. The chief facts that seemed to emerge from such a classification—and I am the last to claim absolute accuracy for these findings—were:

1. The literature around the Soviet enterprise has been overwhelmingly pro-Soviet, the "pros" being more than twice as numerous as the "antis." The world at large, as we know, has been consistently antagonistic to the Bolshevik revolution. But the world's intellectuals have in the main been on the side of the Soviets, either as patient sympathizers or as loud eulogists.

2. Pro-Soviet literature was especially lush in the Stalin era, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in the era of world depression. Intellectuals who had stood aloof from the revolution in its early years, or who had been (like Sidney and Beatrice Webb and other liberals and moderate socialists) actually opposed to it, hastened to steady themselves psychologically under the impact of the capitalist crisis by holding on to Stalin and his works. Even outright conservatives —business men, engineers, alarmed capitalists, etc., without the slightest inherent sympathy for the socialist ideal—suddenly recognized virtues in the Bolshevik way of life.

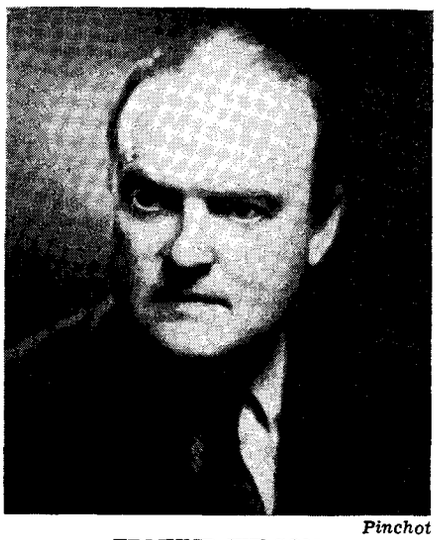
MAURICE HINDUS

3. Not until 1937 did books hostile to the Soviet status quo begin to outnumber the favorable books.

The nature of both the hostility and the eulogies seems to me more significant than their volume. The anti-Soviet books of the first years, till about 1921, were written on the whole from a frankly capitalist point of view. There was ample attack on socialist grounds, by moderate socialists and Mensheviks, but the vast majority of critics opposed Russia because it had gone socialist; they denounced it as a threat to the established bourgeois order.

The anti-Soviet books of the 1937 vintage, on the contrary, criticized the Soviet state on the ground that it was un-socialist or even anti-socialist. The majority of the early opponents in book form were spokesmen for capitalist society; the most recent ones have been largely former supporters who were disillusioned or have come to believe that the revolution has strayed from its original path. The present literature directed against the Soviet regime is predominantly a literature of disenchantment. This phenomenon of disenchantment—beginning in the middle twenties with such books as Isaac Don Levine's, Emma Goldman's, Alexander Berkman's, Morris Gordin's; continued by Panait Istrati in 1929 and by such volumes as Malcolm Muggeridge's "Winter in Moscow" in 1934 and William Henry Chamberlin's "Russia's Iron Age" in 1936; reached a peak in this last year in the books by André Gide, Victor Serge, Leon Trotsky, M. Yvon, Fred Beal, and my own "Assignment in Utopia." It is in essence a criticism from the Left, contending that the objectives of the revolution have been betrayed, rather than opposing those objectives as in the earlier criticism.

The character of pro-Soviet literature in the corresponding periods has also changed fundamentally. In the early books—those of John Reed, Albert Rhys Williams, Bessie Beatty, Louise Bryant, Lincoln Steffens, Arthur Ransome, *et al.* —we had a romantic, almost lyrical acceptance of the revolution. The facts, no matter how harsh, were usually admitted and assimilated in the high-pitched, almost mystical vision of a new world in the agony of revolutionary birth. Those who would explain later critics as narrow-visioned men and women whose attention is focused on "creature comfort" and whose stomachs are too weak for the hard facts of revolution have only to look back to that dawn to realize that intellectuals are capable of taking personal hardships and human sacrifice in their stride if only the ideal justifies it. The explanation for the books of the disillusioned is to be sought in the Russian facts and not only in the character of the writers.



Pinchot

EDMUND WILSON

In later years pro-Soviet volumes tended to become increasingly a literature of apologetics, ranging from panicky rationalization and self-deception to deliberate concealment and deception of the reader. The early literary supporters of the new Russia wrote as inspired prophets of an embattled revolution; their latterday successors—Louis Fischer, Maurice Hindus, Anna Louise Strong, the Webbs, Duranty, Jerome Davis, Sherwood Eddy, John Strachey, Ella Winter, Harry Ward, etc.—write like the press agents of an enthroned regime. The first were dazzled by a vision of things to come, the latter are dazzled by power in the here and now. Pro-Stalin books lack the exalted strain: they are, with no exception known to me, pedestrian in style and embarrassed in manner, always explaining and explaining away laboriously, squeezing out formulas to cover unpleasant facts.

The growing number of anti-Bolshevik and even out-and-out bourgeois elements among the panegyrists of the revised revolution from 1929 forward seems to me especially worth noting. People of the type which in Lenin's day automatically lined up against the Soviets, have come in Stalin's day to embrace the renovated socialism: Irina Skariatina, Corliss Lamont, Alcan Hirsch, George S. Counts, Prince D. S. Mirsky, John Strachey, to cite only a few. I do not know how all of these reacted to the revolution in 1917 and 1918; I do know how individuals of their kind reacted.

The emphasis of the tardy recruits, as might be expected, is upon factories and percentages and "reforms"—nurseries, literacy, mechanized farming, and the like—rather than upon socialism. Few of them seem aware that socialism is in-

(*Continued on page* 15)

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From Ritual to Ballroom

WORLD HISTORY OF THE DANCE. By Curt Sachs. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by EMILY GARDINER

DR. SACHS'S history is a penetrating study of the sources of the dance, and is most timely today when dancers are trying to rediscover the significance of their art.

Today we place dancing in the ballroom, the music hall, or the theater. Popular dancing is done for pleasure out of exuberance of spirits. Dance performances are consciously created works of art, or amusement provided in return for commercial profit. But civilized peoples do not dance, as did primitive peoples, at birth and death, to bring rain or to insure fertility, to defeat their enemies or to cure the sick.

The usual histories of the dance begin with hazy references to primitive dancing, the dance in Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and lead us through medieval church ritual, the French courts, Elizabethan masques, and so on, placing their greatest emphasis on the development of dance in the theater, and culminating in the Russian ballet. They are content to deal with the dance chronologically. The second half of Dr. Sachs's book is indeed a thorough chronological history of the dance and its accompanying music, although greater importance is placed on the popular dancing of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than on the development of theatrical dancing.

But the first half of Dr. Sachs's book is an innovation. It is devoted entirely to an analysis of primitive dances, and their classification according to their significance, purpose, form, and type of movement. He convinces the reader of his thesis that later civilizations have contributed nothing original to dance movement or form.

He divides movement into two main types: convulsive labored movements, and movements in harmony with the body. He then contrasts the imageless, abstract dances (where for instance men move in measured rhythm in a circle) with imitative dances (for instance, depicting battles or imitating animals); and he describes the large number of dances where abstract and mimetic movement are mixed. He aligns abstract movement with planter tribes, and mimetic movement with roving, hunter tribes, explaining how contrasting ways of life and contrasting dances result from differing psychological natures. He then analyzes form, tracing the circular form to a round space conception and to round dwellings, and linear form to square space conception. And so on. This is not the place to make a syllabus of his book. With many references and describing in detail many primitive dances he makes and illustrates his points. His penetrating classification is an astonishing and original piece of work which has not been attempted before. Perhaps the most exciting parts of his book are those in which he gradually reveals the virile ancestry of modern dance forms which we unquestioningly take for granted. This is no dry classification according to name, place, and time, and far removed from actual dancing. For Dr. Sachs has in his mind the vivid pictures of the dances themselves, which in many cases he has seen with his own eyes among primitive peoples extant today.

The mass of detailed information makes the book long and laborious reading, but completely rewarding to anyone who has puzzled over the questions, "What was dancing originally? How did we arrive at our contemporary conception of dance? What are the possibilities for dancing in the future?"

The problem of translating such a book is extremely difficult because of the many technical terms of classification. Vestiges of the original German edition are apparent but the translation is clear and good. The thirty odd plates in the end of the book are well chosen and clearly reproduced.

American Museum of Natural History

DANCERS AT NAMBI FEAST IN NEW MEXICO

Empire City

NEW YORK: CITY OF CITIES. By Hulbert Footner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

MR. FOOTNER, who has managed to write one of the few successful books about New York, has divided the city the way Julius Caesar divided all Gaul, and he has proceeded to describe each part and the inhabitants thereof with categorical simplicity and directness. He does not become effusive about the city, nor derisive, nor indulgent, proletarian, nor psychiatric. He becomes chiefly descriptive, but having at bottom a profound affection for the city, he has succeeded in presenting a warm and moving narrative. He has caught its peculiar quality and somehow has managed to unify its heterogeneous character. He has the right idea about the East Side, about Park Avenue, about Times Square, about Washington Heights, and about Wall Street. He seems to understand the people who live and work in these sections, the nature of their speech and ambitions, and the way they employ their leisure time. His sectional dialogue has the ring of reality, whether it derives from a West Side vegetable store or the Colony Restaurant.

He is a good reporter, satisfied with transmitting the color and excitement of incident rather than relying on the sales appeal of his own lucubrations. His book contains a variety of palpably true anecdotes. He knows the immeasurable value of names. He has mixed together in proper ratio the ingredients of architecture, topography, history, and real life. His time sense is excellent, and he is to be congratulated if only because he has not spent too much space talking about an older New York, that has not the slightest relation to Rockefeller Center or the West Side Highway. The city which engrosses him is the city of today—motorized, massive, febrile, and unremittingly industrious.

Mr. Footner has been especially fortunate in his photographer, Mr. John J. Floherty, who has produced forty-five full-page aquatone camera studies of a preëminently high quality.

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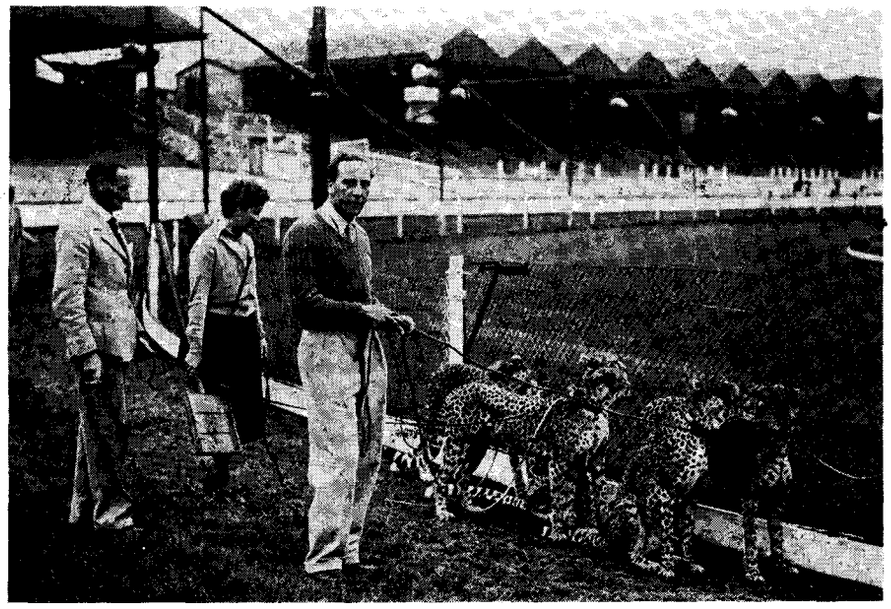

KENNETH GANDAR DOWER, WITH CHEETAHS, ON A GREYHOUND RACING TRACK IN LONDON

Ardent Adventures

THE SPOTTED LION. By Kenneth Gandar Dower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $3.

TOMBS, TRAVEL AND TROUBLE. By Lawrence Griswold. New York: Hillman-Curl, Inc. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THERE could hardly be a greater contrast between two ardent adventures than that between Mr. Dower's and Mr. Griswold's. It is essentially a contrast of attitudes, for Mr. Griswold faces hardship and death professionally, whereas Mr. Dower remains by preference an amateur. Mr. Dower quakes at the approach of danger; being a man of action, he loves it and runs. Mr. Griswold quakes when the danger has passed, and none the less is a little bored.

Either attitude can inform a book excitingly, as these authors show. "The Spotted Lion" is the account of Mr. Dower's quest through the mountains of Kenya for an animal reputed by the natives and a few white men to be spotted like a leopard, of about the same size, and in all other respects leonine. He had never handled a rifle before coming to Africa, and cameras and horses were alike mysterious. He never really solved any of them, according to his confession. But he did find Raymond Hook, pundit and guide, and with him had good adventure on the 10,000 foot levels of the Aberdare mountains, where it rained, where the porters were smitten with chicken pox, where they lay for days awaiting the spotted lion in "the highest (and coldest) hole in history." Even the perpetual bogs did not feaze Mr. Dower, for beyond them he discovered a lake, "bean-shaped and beautiful,"—so said the natives who long ago had discovered it first.

This is a very peculiar book, at the same time beautiful and dim as its photographs. Nothing comes quite real through the dreamy vision of the witty and sensitive author, yet there is quality here that is worthier than facts.

Mr. Griswold's "Tombs, Travel and Trouble," is a long story, padded with details, but without them the book would be so jammed with excitements that you couldn't squeeze a breath between. In Central America Mr. Griswold unearthed remnants of the ancient Mayan civilization, while combating deadly snakes and the employees who wanted his foreman's head. In the Philippines he was entertained by sultans and men amok, and setting forth from there in a boat loaded with drunken Chinese coolies nearly died of thirst off the Borneo coast.

The final third of Mr. Griswold's book concerns his capture of the Komodo lizard, a prehistoric monstrous survival that grows to a length of eighteen feet, is carnivorous, and can run erect, for short distances, as fast as a horse. The "lost world" of Komodo in the Dutch East Indies had other monsters as well, clams so large they could eat a man, and flying foxes with a wing-spread of seven feet. Mr. Griswold had a grand time there, contributed richly to the little knowledge we have of the island's denizens, and somehow managed at last to wedge between consecutive dangers the pages of a thrilling book.

What Happened to John Wilkes Booth?

THIS ONE MAD ACT . . . The Unknown Story of John Wilkes Booth and his Family. By Izola Forrester. Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

HISTORY is wrong again, it seems. The assassin of President Lincoln did not die at Garrett's farm in 1865. It was someone else. And John Wilkes Booth was not a bachelor. He had been secretly married and was the father of two children.

Miss Forrester, the author of this amazing attempt to correct our more conventional historians, is Booth's granddaughter. She even knows the exact date of her grandmother's marriage. It took place on January 7, 1859, and she is certain of this because her foster-father examined the marriage register in Cos Cob, Connecticut, in 1904, and he saw the actual entry then. When she made a more recent search herself, she failed to find any record of it, but then, of course, entries as old as this are notoriously elusive. Anyway, her Aunt Ella actually had the certificate of marriage in her possession so there can't be any doubt about the date. Aunt Ella, with a flagrant lack of respect for history, burned the precious document when her husband died, and since her husband, one Harry J. Stevenson, had been annoyed all his life by the notoriety of being Booth's son, one can hardly blame her. Uncle Harry was born in 1870, five years after Booth's supposed death, but, as Miss Forrester shows, Booth did not really die in 1865, and his wife went to visit him in California in 1868-9, and Harry was born after she got back.

The most important part of this attempt to revise history, however, consists not only of family stories, fascinating as they are, but of the author's long search to prove that her grandfather escaped the Federal cavalrymen on April 26, 1865, and lived to have a full and adventurous career until 1879. A careful analysis of this part of her text reduces her argument to the following.

There were three men in Garrett's barn, and one of them (Booth) escaped. The body which was taken to Washington was not Booth's. (This has been claimed before—it should be made a primary requisite for all who wish to prove that Booth escaped, to explain first the very convincing affidavits in the files of the War Department regarding the identification of the body which was brought on board the *Montauk*. They go into such embarrassing details as the initials tattooed on the hand of the corpse.) However—Booth fled to California, and thence to Ceylon, the Pelew Islands, Singapore, and various places unknown. Miss Forrester is able to trace her grandfather's peregrinations through stories that reached her indirectly, through

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such evidence as a newspaper account of an old sailor's yarn of seeing Booth in the East, and through letters and personal interviews with people who had heard mysterious things. She is unable to offer even a single piece of documentary evidence of Booth's survival, and not once did she meet a person who had seen her grandfather after 1865. The quality of her reasoning may be seen in this remarkable bit of deduction regarding Booth's probable stay in Ceylon:

> In the interior of the island, there is a mountain whose name seizes upon the imagination with conjecture . . . In the midst of many other names of native origin . . . there rises this lone peak, named Monte Rita. It is quite possible, if he did live near this spot . . . that he gave the name of his little daughter to the mountain spanning his view, or it may merely be coincidence; but in a human drama of so many amazing revelations and connecting links, every detail which conforms to the general pattern commands attention and bears a meaning.

The presence of a host of minor inaccuracies in Miss Forrester's text of course does not disprove her main contentions, but it does make the reader at least hesitate to accept her work as an authoritative attempt to revise history. She misspells and mixes up names. (For instance, she constantly confuses Lafayette Baker, head of the Secret Service, with his nephew Luther Baker, and in one place she refers to Luther as Lewis Baker.) She places Walt Whitman in Ford's theater as an eyewitness on the night of the assassination, although it has been definitely established that he was not there. She says: "There is no Medical Department in the Ford Theater Building and never has been," but any guidebook of Washington of the seventies or eighties will show that she is wrong.

Miss Forrester is doubtless sincerely convinced that she is the granddaughter of John Wilkes Booth. Perhaps the clew to this family legend may be found in the character of the grandmother who is supposed to have married Booth. Miss Forrester says of her that she used at least seven different names, and she writes that the lady herself stated "that she was born in London, 'under a dark star,' and that her mother's name was Violetta, where family records prove that she was born on board her father's schooner off the coast of Martha's Vineyard, and that her mother's name was Izola Maria Mendoza. I have no idea why she chose to make the change. She was erratic and imperious in her own self-sufficiency, and she seems to have tried in every way to mystify even her own family."

Perhaps a little more research would show that this grandmother, who was so aptly cradled in the deep, also acquired the habit of swimming ashore from her father's schooner with a kitten on each shoulder. We seem to have heard of such things before.

Philip Van Doren Stern is at work on a life of Booth.

Obstacles to Peacemaking

AT THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE. By James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

THE words Paris Peace Conference are now surrounded by the aura of opprobrium which has long enveloped the words Congress of Vienna. The evil association grew, in both cases, from the conviction that an opportunity had been missed, and that the fortunes of mankind had been impaired by the work of men who called themselves peacemakers, but who were really creating new occasions for war. Indeed, it has become usual to say that, by comparison with the Paris Conference, the Congress of Vienna did a very good job: after 1815 the powers of Europe remained at peace for forty years, and the main lines of the peace settlement endured even longer; who today would promise European peace so long a life?

Dr. Shotwell's book is not a vindication of the work done at Paris. Looking back, he sees clearly the defects of the settlement which, to some extent, he helped shape. He asks only that the conference be judged in terms of the conditions of 1919, not in terms of what came afterwards. To facilitate the task of understanding, he offers his diary and letters. Through his eyes the reader may relive events and form more just conclusions.

Harold Nicolson's "Peacemaking," published a few years ago, was a similar book in plan and purpose. Probably Mr. Nicolson's book will seem more interesting to most readers, if they are not bored by his insistence that, although an intelligent and clever man, he is preoccupied with the moral improvement of mankind. Dr. Shotwell is apparently unaware of the contemporary assumption that it is difficult to be both intelligent and an idealist. He has not the cleverness to propitiate the reader, either by making reading painless or by inviting a favorable verdict; the reader must do his own work and form his own conclusions. The contemporary record fills five-sixths of Dr. Shotwell's book, and the record is printed as written, with only some changes in arrangement and the omissions inevitable if boredom or libel suits are to be avoided. The contemporary record is less than half of Mr. Nicolson's book, and that record was rewritten for the purpose of making it more intelligible. The rewriting undoubtedly served the intended purpose; but it also gravely impaired historical value. Those who have patience and real interest in the problem of understanding what happened at Paris will learn more from Dr. Shotwell's sober pages.

They will see how war passion warped the judgment of men who wished to make a just peace: when George Louis Beer tried to make conversation with a former subject of Austria easier by using a few German words, "we called him off for fear someone would draw a wrong conclusion." The importance of national prejudices will be realized after observing Samuel Gompers's suspicion of European labor leaders, both because these leaders were tainted with socialism and because they were willing to use capitalist governments as a medium for securing gains for labor. Trifling episodes show something of the weakness of the American delegation: Robert Lansing's surprise that a British statesman should think it worth while to discuss a problem with a technical expert, and an American expert at that. Casual remarks show almost shocking innocence: "I had a good time talking to Sir Eyre Crowe of the Foreign Office but failed to convince him of the need of opening the British archives." At the end, a conviction arises which few felt at the time: a workable peace settlement was impossible because the Allies had little in common except hatred for Germans.

THE HOTEL CRILLON DURING THE PEACE CONFERENCE

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Great Circle

THE nation would be wise to make the most of its 1937 Christmas. It has no war on hand this year: it may have one when Santa heads southward in 1938. Something more than half of its citizens have jobs and wages and there is food for the rest: our expectations have now dropped so low that that seems bountiful, and by a year from now rather fewer of us may have jobs, though if food fails doubtless the ever-normal statistics will be nourishing. Let nothing you dismay: what has gone from American life is hope, and it appears to have gone for as long as the eye can peer ahead, but this Christmas a good many of us can have a pleasant time, and there have been more savage and despairing Christmases in the national past. We may know better, by a year from now, what they were like.

You'd like some reading for Christmas? You might try a piece in a recent *New Republic* by a man who knows more about us as we are and have been than anyone else now practising in the magazines, William Allen White's "A Yip from the Doghouse." He offers it, he says, as some nails for our masters of the moment to chew on. The nails are hard enough and pointed enough but Bill White knows as well as anyone that the people they are intended for will spew them out. He just wanted to have his say. Read it and then, if like Henry Adams you enjoy measuring movement from place to place, you can see the distance we have traveled during one man's lifetime by reading Bill White's "Court of Boyville." The distance, not the direction. That early book of his has delighted its thousands, and the country it describes belongs in geological time now, and when you hold it against "A Yip from the Doghouse" you realize we have moved quite a way. No one can tell you where we're headed but you can see where we've got to.

Henry Adams concluded that we were moving toward the abyss; he assumed that we were traveling in a straight line. In Bill White's "Yip" there is a hint of a different idea, that the line is really curved and tends to turn back on itself. Spengler thought so too and the idea of cycles has other respectable supporters, from Professor Sorokin on back to Vico, who was the master of curved lines. And the other day Vico got independent confirmation when a drowsy boozer with a long beard wandered down from the Kaatskill Mountains. He found that the old winding paths had been surfaced with concrete but they followed the same course. And that was as it should be, for when you are lost, Rip Van Winkle remembered, you travel in a circle.

Dame Van Winkle was going bare-legged except for ankle-length socks and these were made of cotton; she had organized a group of public-spirited consumers in the village, and you couldn't have sold a yard of silk anywhere along the Hudson. Her husband blinked and wondered if his long sleep had been only an after-dinner nap. He had seen this high-minded boycott help to draw the United States into two formal wars and into another one which, in a quaint modern way, we fought in 1798 but didn't bother to declare. War thus getting into his thoughts, he listened with particular interest to the gaffers at the ordinary when they got to debating the current struggle over the centralization of governmental authority. If no one else remembered, Rip remembered that we had fought our two biggest wars, in great part, over that question. We fought one of them to prevent centralization and another one to effect it. The going here seemed to be even more than circular: it was vertiginous.

On the very day when he came down from the mountains a dream much older than his sleep was broken when the House voted to recommit a bill that was intended to fix wages and hours. What that dream broke against was the sections, and Rip Van Winkle felt no surprise. Even a slumberer must know that there were sections before there was a nation; even the dreambound must know that the nation, when sometimes there is one, always fades out whenever the sections are endangered, always breaks up along the section lines whenever the precarious equilibrium among them is disturbed. Rip Van Winkle knew that parties, classes, interests, ideologies, creeds, and visions always shatter on the hard edge of the sections; since those who have heard the thunder of dwarfs at bowls among the peaks have something of the seer in them, he dared say that they always will, as far into the future as thought can reach. But Rip had learned that no one ever learns anything from history, the thoughtful and the visionary least of all. For the thoughtful there are no sections. There never will be until sometime, with something more tangible than a bill for fixing hours, and it may be more painful, they bark their shins against that unmoving edge.

Rip, and Bill White too, and you and I (once, when we were calmer) knew a good many things it is now held intelligent or radical to ignore. One of them which Bill mentions is the thin film that holds a native talent for violence in check, a film pierced so often and so easily that perhaps it is more comfortably ignored once more at Christmas time. Especially this Christmas of 1937, which, if not planned quite the way it comes out, was at least planned.

The resource of humility, and of the sleeper returning, is to remember that, cycle or straight line, the nation has always been made up of people. If we have nothing else, we have their symbols—of Christmas and other things. Mr. Branch was reminding us of some of them in these pages, three weeks ago. Literature is not the opium of the masses but it may be the barbital of the bewildered, and there is no weakness in employing it when your nerves are jumpy or your sleep bad. It is an irrational reassurance you derive from being reminded that there was suffering and desperation at Plymouth beach, at Valley Forge, along the Yadkin and beyond the Gap, where the trees first fell in the Western Reserve and prairie soil was first turned in Illinois, but that something nevertheless survived and the line was somehow traced. Irrational because your comfort comes from forgetting what did not survive, from omitting to number the graves beside the road, from convincing yourself that hunger was not an agony in the bowels if only it occurred a hundred years ago.

Nevertheless, Rip said, reason has not served us too handsomely this Christmas and you may honorably recline on the irrational for comfort, while any remains. You might read some of the things Mr. Branch was talking about: "Christmas Night in the Quarters," say, and the chapter in "Little Women" that has kept its serene, unclouded sweetness through the decades. They will give life to symbols for a while, voices singing in darkness, the sound of sleigh-bells in still air, torches carried among live-oaks, lights shining across snow. That will do you no harm, and you might go on, then, to read whatever strikes your fancy in Mr. Beston's "American Memory," which makes a better Christmas gift than most books do. Reading it, you may think for a moment that you perceive something like a pattern, you may believe for a moment that the pattern is likely to prove stronger than everything that now endangers it. That too is irrational. But, Rip said, though we do not know what is to come, we do know that here, written in this book, are the things that will shape it.

He turned back to the Kaatskills, convinced that he could find no better twenty years to sleep through than those just ahead. But as he passed into the purple shadows, he had one more remark to make. When the Constitutional Convention met, he said, John Dickinson advised it, "Experience must be our only guide. Reason may betray us." If truly we move in a cycle, Rip Van Winkle said, some day we shall get back to John Dickinson.

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Letters to the Editor: *"Our Dried Voices;" Solving Double-Crostics*

Two Sources of Our Culture

SIR:—I do not wish to add unnecessarily to your burden of unasked for and unwanted letters, but I trust you will permit me to express my appreciation of your editorial, "Our Dried Voices," in the November 27th issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. I was not only interested because of its reminiscent value, but because of the belated justice you did to one or two unrecognized sources of American culture. I particularly appreciated your reference to Phineas Garrett's "One Hundred Choice Selections," which played an extensive if not intensive part in influencing culture in and around Philadelphia and in many other centers. You did him an unintentional injustice. His "selections" sold for thirty-five cents, not a dime. He was an eminently respectable gentleman of Quaker affiliation and I am sure he would have been much grieved to feel that his products would be rated so cheaply, to say nothing of the danger of having some research student of later time write a thesis on the "Affinity of Garrett's 'One Hundred Choice Selections' with the dime novel."

I also appreciate your insistence on the fact that we in the East were trained on other than McGuffey's influence. My own earlier years were shaped by readers prepared by no less an authority than the Bostonian littérateur, Epes Sargent. I wish you could also have brought in, in addition to Hostetter, the eminently cultural almanacs issued by Ayer, Brandeth's Pills and Porous plasters and Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. It seems too bad that such altruistic Americans should be so completely forgotten.

FRANK K. WALTER,
University Librarian.

University of Minnesota,
Minneapolis, Minn.

KCl and mehitabel

SIR:—Re Bowling Green Dec. 4th.

Potassium Chlorate was one of the components that nearly deprived posterity of "mehitabel." What it was Don added to it in the drugstore at Walnut will make a fair problem for an astute literary Hawkshaw in 2037. Probability points, however, to antimony sulphide and phosphorus which Don probably rubbed together "pour épater les bourgeois"—nearly rubbing himself out.

Cavu!

P. H. KOLLEWIJN,
(Chem. Eng.)

Wilmington, Cal.

Double-Crostics Time Records

SIR:—Nearly a year ago, some enthusiastic friends introduced me to the Double-Crostics and the *Saturday Review*. I soon became as enthusiastic as they. I always solve the puzzle the day it comes, and have finished the keyed books.

We'd also like to know the time records of other solvers. Why don't you let Mrs. Kingsley use part or all of the remaining column of the Crostic page for correspondence whenever worth-while items are available? We are surely not unique in wishing to hear from and about other solvers, and such a column would strongly stimulate and hold interest in the puzzles.

MARJORIE DENNISON.

Washington, D. C.

"I LIMIT MYSELF TO BOOKS ON ART AND POPULAR SCIENCE. FICTION UPSETS ME."

SIR:—Those "Double-Crostics" of Mrs. Kingsley's are the finest things of the kind in the puzzle world, and my wife has worked every one (but one) since October, 1935. She worked yesterday's in one day, though sometimes it takes longer. She gets a lot of satisfaction from solving them, especially the tough ones. They are all good, the best things in puzzledom.

ROBERT E. KING.

Kansas City, Mo.

Jack London

SIR:—I am preparing a thesis on Jack London and would appreciate very much the use of any letters, personal recollections, or other unpublished material pertinent to the subject.

All manuscripts will be most carefully handled and promptly returned.

GERRIT JUDD.

726 Yale Station
New Haven, Conn.

Egyptology

SIR:—A recent note from the Vice-President of the Egypt Exploration Society, of London, advises me that the Society has residue of its numerous publications, which it is prepared to present to such American libraries as would pay the cost of packing and transit. He requests me to bring this disposition to the attention of American libraries or museums that may be interested.

Any such may do well to communicate directly with him. His address is:

Alan A. Gardiner, Esq.
9, Lansdowne Road
Holland Park
London, W. 11
England

It would be well, of course, for the institution to report its present holdings, or its deficiencies.

HERBERT PUTNAM, *Librarian.*

Library of Congress
Washington, D. C.

Travels in Philadelphia

SIR:—When I inquired of a clerk in a well-known shoe store in Philadelphia, the way to a certain shop, she said: "Oh, its very easy to find. It is on Walnut Street between 13th and Broad, quite near a second-hand furniture store."

The second-hand furniture store proved to be none other than our well-known "Rosy's" Art Galleries. Page Mr. A. M. Rosenbach!

G. L. TODD.

Free Public Library,
Bridgeton, N. J.

U. S. Camera in Offset

SIR:—In your criticism of the 1937 "U. S. Camera" you evidently are under the misapprehension that the book was done in gravure. You will kindly note that this was done by off-set and not gravure, as were the 1935 and 1936 editions.

S. B. SAYLES.

Beck Engraving Co.
New York City.

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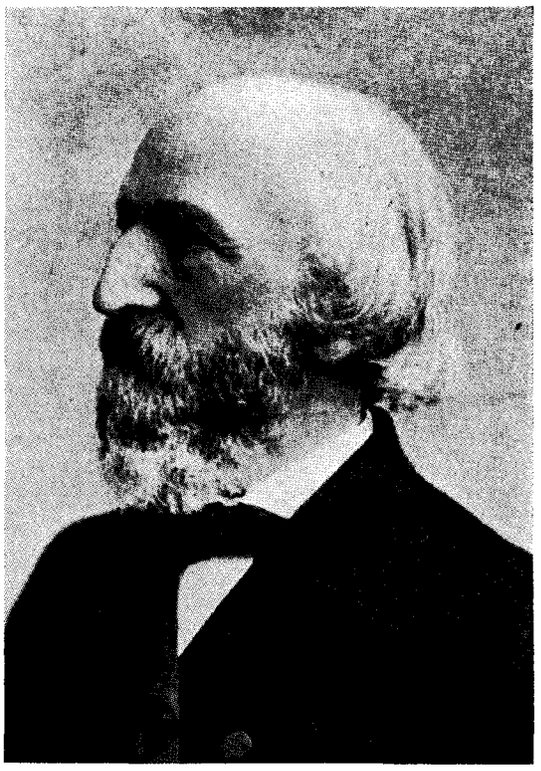
Mr. Carnegie, Meet Professor Mathews

The Ancestor of "Inspiration Books"

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS



WILLIAM MATHEWS

"INSPIRATION Books"—those peculiar manuals of living with surefire recipes for success that are making the best seller lists—are not indigenous to this age wherein success is cultivated as assiduously as a cult. Walter Pitkin, Dorothea Brande, and Dale Carnegie have a long list of predecessors. The first was undoubtedly Solomon, who was not without experience. His opus is disguised under the misleading title, "Proverbs." It has a patronizing appendix on the whole duty of the virtuous woman, but Solomon did not write that; his taste did not run to the domestic type, as his Canticles testify. But the body of this esteemed work, in spite of a thin layer of piety the royal author thought politic to veneer it with, is really a competent practical guide to worldly success in Solomon's day, and not without value in ours. We have been getting revised and enlarged editions of it ever since.

Aesop, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Montaigne, Bacon, and Ben Franklin, to mention a few, had much to say about getting on in the world. Their pithy and epigrammatic wisdom has been tapped by pragmatic writers to lend authority to their advice in these perplexing times. You might start with a verse from Proverbs, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and end up with a whole book on "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

Early in Victoria's reign, the new-born industrial movement inspired two Englishmen to launch compendiums on the philosophy of success. Their names were Helps and Smiles—what a slogan! Sir Arthur Helps's contribution was "Friends in Council," the third volume appearing in 1859, the year that Dr. Samuel Smiles published his "Self-Help" to furnish quotations for upward and onward writers for a half a century. Both books became best sellers, and dangled before the ambitious the rewards of thrift, industry, and self-discipline. Few boys, born as I was in the sixties, escaped a dose of one or the other of those writers' copy-book maxims.

But it is naturally in our own country, the land of opportunity where every man is king, that guides to fame and fortune have come to the fullest flowering. The originator, the file leader of that five-foot bookshelf of self-helpfulness—"More Power to You," "A Fortune to Share," "Life Begins at Forty," "Wake Up and Live," "How to Win Friends and Influence People," not to mention 'Gaskell's Compendium,' "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to the Young," and a host of others—is unquestionably that turgid masterpiece, "Getting on in the World, or, Hints on Success in Life," by William Mathews, LL.D., that, in addition to its shrewd and worldly advice on making the most of one's self, is a copious thesaurus of every figure of speech, trope, analogy, metaphor, synecdoche, known to rhetoric.

Professor Mathews wrote 275,000 words on such impeccable topics as Practical Talent, Concentration, Good and Bad Luck, Self Advertising, The Will and the Way, Reserved Power, Money—Its Use and Abuse, True and False Success, fortified by wise saws and modern instances—and many not so modern—with an array of quotations that qualifies the work as runner-up to Bartlett. Like the American Legion parade, its length is impressive, but it is long in passing a given point. It would be hard for a modern imitator to better his record. Here is all the accepted stuff: Be good and you will be happy (but don't neglect the main chance); be industrious and thrifty and you will be rich (but money isn't everything). Copious citations from the words and works of the great, the rich, and the successful are the backing of this stupendous work, worthy examples as models, discreditable failures as warnings—though it is sometimes difficult to tell the examples from the warnings—and the metaphors, while rich and picturesque, are sometimes mixed.

The book gets under way with a lengthy and somewhat lop-sided analogy, at once an illustration of the author's style, his method, and the leisurely, full-bodied pace of his work:

> In attending a concert in one of our large cities, did you ever observe the wide chasm that separates the first and second violinists of the orchestra? One is all pomp, fire, bustle, enthusiasm, energy. Now waving his bow high in the air, he silently guides the harmony; now rapidly tapping on the rest-board, he hurries the movement; then again, bringing the violin to his shoulder, he takes the leading strain, and high above the crash of sound, above the shrill blast of trumpet, the braying of horns, the ear-piercing notes of the fife, the sobbing of oboes, the wailing of violincellos, and all the thunder of the orchestra, are heard, distinct and clear, the shrieking notes of the first violin. Dressed in unimpeachable broadcloth, with kids and linen of immaculate purity, stamping his feet, wagging his head, nodding earnestly to the right and to the left, and beating time with mad energy, he enters heart and soul into the music, oblivious of all things else; and all because he is the leader, and plays the first violin. Standing by his side, but upon a lower platform, and before a lower music-rest, is a patient, careworn man, who saws quietly on the strings, with the air rather of the hired laborer than of the enthusiast. His eye you never see in a fine frenzy rolling, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, nor does his facile hand run off in roulades of melody; he never wags his head, nor stamps his foot, nor labours, to wreak his thoughts upon expression, but steadily and conscientiously he pours a rich undercurrent of harmony into the music, which few hear, fewer care for, but without which, losing the charm of contrast, it would be as dreary as the droning of a bagpipe,—as monotonous as a picture which is all lights and no shadows. With his eyes fixed on the notes, he scrapes away with diligence, not with enthusiasm; he is moved, not by the inspiration of a master, but by the reflection that he is exchanging his notes for dollars, and that, with each quaver, he earns so much bread and butter for his family. Yet this automaton,—this musical machine, that plays

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its part so mechanically . . . may have been endowed by nature with as much genius and fire as that thundering Jupiter of the orchestra, the leader; but, alas, he plays *second fiddle*.

With this magnificent overture, the author proceeds to tell the second fiddle how to become the first.

Besides analogies, quotations play a prominent role in bolstering the argument. The pages are peppered with them in the rapid-fire style of the *Literary Digest* before it fell a victim to *Time's* inimitable vernacular. If there is anyone alive, besides myself, who has read both "Getting on in the World" and "How to Win Friends and Influence People," he must have been impressed by the unchanging formulas of success books. Here, for instance, is Mathews on industry:

> Heyne, the great German classicist, shelled the peas for his dinner with one hand, while he annotated Tibullus with the other. Matthew Hale, while a student at law, studied sixteen hours a day. Sir Thomas More, and Bishops Jewell and Burnet, began studying every morning at four o'clock. Paley rose at five; Gibbon was hard at work the year round at six. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Pascal killed himself by study, or rather by study without exercise; Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause; Hooker, Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor were industrious scholars; Milton kept his books as regularly as a merchant or an attorney.

And here is Dale Carnegie on self-esteem:

> History sparkles with amusing examples of famous people struggling for a feeling of importance. Even George Washington wanted to be called "His Mightiness, the President of the United States"; and Columbus pleaded for the title, "Admiral of the Ocean and Viceroy of India." Catherine the Great refused to open letters that were not addressed to "her Imperial Majesty"; and Mrs. Lincoln, in the White House, turned upon Mrs. Grant like a tigress and shouted, "How dare you be seated in my presence until I invite you!"

Besides the elaborate analogies, and the thickly sprinkled quotations, Mathews's third and best method of inoculating youth with the virus of ambition is extracts from biography, brief stories in his own words—many words—of those who succeeded.

The sources of the citations reveal the author's predilections. For instance, he greatly admired Napoleon, or was well up on his life, for the largest number of "cites" or "quotes" are from the melancholy history of the Little Corporal, twenty-two in all. Ranking next with ten each are Emerson, Dr. Johnson (both warning and example) and curiously enough, William Hazlitt, while that stalwart old Polonius, Benjamin Franklin, is referred to but thrice. (Yes, the book has a good index.) Next comes Sydney Smith, with nine, and Napoleon's triumphant enemy, the Duke of Wellington, contributes eight acts or sayings to help young men up the ladder. Then there is Goethe, seven; Pope, Dryden, and Sir Walter Scott, six; Henry Ward Beecher, George Washington, Burns, Nelson, Byron, and Bulwer-Lytton stand as sponsor or model four times each. These, and a host of soldiers, lawyers, artists, writers, doctors, merchants, teachers, and philosophers are the successes. The failures generally remain anonymous.

The author has no misgivings about war, not surprising in 1870, nor any reproof for Napoleon's treachery, believing, as he would no doubt say, that "All's fair in—." He is, in truth, a militarist. Life is variously depicted as an orchestra, a voyage, a game, a gamble, a school, a tree, a race, a market, a pilgrimage, a railway train, each comparison embellished with tropes and quotes, elegant figures and pertinent anecdotes, but it appears oftenest to Mathews as a battle, the illustrations drawn from military tactics and strategy.

William Mathews was born in Maine one hundred twenty years ago, attended the college at Waterville (his home town) which is now Colby, studied law at Harvard but did not practise, taught school, started a weekly paper, the *Watervillonian,* devoted to Literature, Morals, Agriculture, and News (a success; it became the famous *Yankee Blade),* moved to Chicago, managed the library of the predecessor of the Y. M. C. A., filled the chair of rhetoric and English literature at that college which ultimately became with Rockefeller's money the University of Chicago, and wrote a column for the *Chicago Tribune.*

This column was advice on success in life, and out of it he made his first book, "Getting on in the World," published in 1873. His model was Dr. Smiles's "Self-Help." He copied even the typographical style, with four quotations at the head of each chapter. It was a best seller of its day, 70,000 copies, equivalent, if weighted for increase of population, to four times that now. Its aim is stated in the introduction:

> If this book shall serve to rouse to honorable effort any young man who is wasting his time and energies through indifference to life's prizes—to cheer, stimulate, and inspire with enthusiasm any one who is desponding through distrust of his own abilities,—or to reveal to any one who is puzzled to discover the path to success and usefulness the art of "getting on" to the goal of his wishes,—the author will feel himself abundantly repaid for his labors.

Mathews was married three times, wrote eleven books, edited a sumptuous edition of Bulwer-Lytton, and died in 1909 aged ninety-one years.

I must confess I have found this work valuable, not that I have followed its precepts, and hewn my way through the shadows that dogged my path to scale the glittering pinnacles of success, but as a handy reference book, a writer's constant companion, a thesaurus of anecdotes and quotations, all conveniently classified under appropriate headings. Many an article, editorial, or advertisement has been successfully launched with a story or epigram from this immortal work. That is why this book has stood on my shelves for sixty-one years. Mr. Carnegie, meet Professor Mathews.

Earnest Elmo Calkins is a lecturer and writer, and one of the best known advertising men in the country.

To a Young Wretch

BY ROBERT FROST

As gay for you to take your father's ax
As take his gun—rod—to go hunting—fishing.
You nick my spruce until its fibre cracks.
It gives up standing straight and goes down swishing.
You link an arm in its arm and you lean
Across the light snow homeward smelling green.

I could have bought you just as good a tree
To frizzle resin in a candle flame;
And what a saving 'twould have been to me!
But tree by charity is not the same
As tree by enterprise and expedition.
I must not spoil your Christmas with contrition.

It is your Christmases against my woods.
But even where thus opposing interests kill
They are to be thought of as conflicting goods
Oftener than as conflicting good and ill;
Which makes the war god seem no special dunce
For always fighting on both sides at once.

And though in tinsel chain and pop-corn rope
My tree, a captive in your window bay,
Has lost its footing on my mountain slope,
And lost the stars of heaven, may oh may
The symbol star it lifts against your ceiling
Help me accept its fate with Christmas feeling.

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Ships, Men, and Whales

REVOLT AT SEA. By Irvin Anthony. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $3.

DOWN TO THE SEA. By George Blake. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $3.50.

THE WHALERS. By Dr. Felix Maynard and Alexandre Dumas. Translated by F. W. Reed. New York: Hillman-Curl, Inc. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

THE first of these books assembles twenty-six accounts of mutiny: ten famous cases, several known to all qualified armchair seamen, and a few dug up from present obscurity. Mr. Anthony begins with Magellan and ends with the outbreak in the *Zeven Provincien* of the Netherlands East Indies squadron in 1933. His bibliography of some sixty titles shows an effort to get at original sources. His style is full of abruptness, suiting the character of the tale except when it degenerates into "fine writing" at some climaxes. But the book's structure—a stringing-together of narratives unrelated except in their repetition of one basic plot—presents problems which the author has ignored. After working up a few stories, he became wary of repetition of the recurrent essentials, with the result that some of the episodes seem very sketchy indeed. In any story of mutiny one job is basic: to make the reader feel the intolerable circumstances which make men willing to risk their lives for a doubtful and probably brief recapture of command over their own destinies. Mr. Anthony tries this a few times. Elsewhere he narrates the outward facts, which by themselves usually make no sense.

In "Down to the Sea," George Blake furthers his already decisive claim to be called the Barrie of the waterfront. Beyond that, we have here history of the "one fancies" and "it might be worth while looking up" variety. Anyone not exasperated by such evasions can read in this book a great deal about ships and personalities concerned with the development of the Clyde. To do so, however, it is necessary to cope with a lumberingly playful style that often has the appearance of self-parody.

Dr. Maynard's book is of a different order. The doctor served in whaling ships that did most of their fishing in New Zealand waters in the latter 1830s and 40s. He had the inquiring mind so typical of ships' surgeons in that period, and some errors of natural history noted by the re-editor and the translator of his book may be the work in part of the original editor, Alexandre Dumas (the father). It is not difficult to detect the passages that were brightened up by Dumas. Johannes C. Andersen, who contributes a foreword and many useful notes, points to the likelihood that Dumas, always a frantically busy man, found little to change in the original account and gave it the benefit of his patronage rather more than that of his pen.

The book first appeared in 1858 under a title which has been literally Englished: "Les Baleiniers." Its interest is equally divided between the technique of the chase at sea and contacts with the Maori ashore. In the latter respect it "tells us new things about those old days which some of us fancy we know from dawn to dusk." This tribute means something: Mr. Anderson, who writes it in his preface, is one of the few thorough scholars in the culture of old New Zealand. The whaling episodes are equally trustworthy, and are remarkable in their representation of the whale's point of view. The animal's sufferings are conveyed more pointedly than even by Melville. Altogether, this is one of the more notable reprints of recent years. Technically it is more than that. It is the first appearance of the book in English. The translation, except for the fact that the translator enjoys dangling his participles, is adequate.

Alexander Laing is the author of "The Sea Witch."

Poor House to White House

SOME FOR THE GLORY. By Louis Zara. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

IF Louis Zara presents his story of William Hawks as satire it misses fire badly, and if he is trying to show that a poor but honest lad can go from the poor house to the White House backed by crooks, thieves, pimps, and grafters, he does not succeed and sacrifices both his story and his characters in the effort. I don't know whether the reader is expected to admire William Hawks or feel sympathy for him, but after reviewing his career through Zara's eyes, I find William Hawks to be a prime sap in his political and family life. I don't know of a city where a man like him could be elected keeper of the pound. I could neither like him, hate him, nor feel sorry for him.

Jacket of "Some for the Glory."

The only tough breaks Hawks ever got were his birth and his childhood. He was farmed out of an orphanage to a tinsmith and, while he was still a child, fell from a roof while repairing a gutter. He broke his arm and the tinsmith set it improperly so that it was crooked for life. The tinsmith died and William Hawks went back to the orphanage to be farmed out to a printer. From that time forward the world is William Hawks's oyster. He solves all problems as simply as snapping his fingers and his rise in politics is inexplicable and meteoric. Nothing stops him. He goes from political street captain to precinct lieutenant, to district leader, Board of Aldermen, the Mayor's chair, becomes Governor, U. S. Senator, and on to the Presidency. It is true that he is not elected President, but the reader is left with the idea that four years hence he will be.

He marries the perfect wife, a seamstress who snuggles up close to him in bed, saves his money, agrees with him completely, and once there is a vague hint that she might be two-timing him by running about with the city's leading retail merchant. Whether she did or did not the record fails to show. If she did I couldn't blame her because Hawks was pretty much of a bore. Bawdy houses financed Hawks's campaigns, and yet Hawks protests that his hands are clean because he doesn't collect the money. His campaign committee collects it and spends it. When he gets $10,000 in graft, he endows a hospital bed with it.

He lives during the period between the gay nineties and the beginning of radio in politics, and I am afraid that Zara, only twenty-seven years old according to the jacket of the book, has difficulty projecting himself back into that period because his characters behave like today's politicians. The city he writes about is not named and his politician is neither a Cermack, a Curley, a Walker, nor a LaGuardia. There is nothing like him in American politics and I don't think there ever will be. His political disclosures are not new and his scandals can be found in the current daily papers of any city or in newspaper morgues.

If I had been reading manuscript on this, I would have voted no and recommended that it go back to the author for revision. Hawks and his wife ought to be humanized and the story could stand a good deal of pruning and tightening up.

Joseph F. Dinneen, who is on the staff of the Boston Globe, is the author of "Ward Eight," a political novel.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

"No Crabb No Christmas"

WHAT is so exciting, after the discovery of a joint enthusiasm, as the interchange of equivalent ignorances? We had revelled in our mutual passion for John Aubrey, then my hostess spoke of the *Creevey Papers*. Of Creevey (1768-1838) I knew nothing, but I countered with my own favorite of that period, Henry Crabb Robinson (1775-1867). We agreed each to explore the other's, and now I hear from my host that he is hunting Crabb Robinson for his lady's Christmas. This is a little memo for him to slip into her stocking with the book.

A note on good old H.C.R. is appropriate at this season. It was he who always sent Charles Lamb a turkey for his Christmas dinner—"what a genuine old Bachelor's action!" wrote C. L. to Wordsworth. Another kindly thought of this good soul was to give Mary Lamb a long-handled scoop to save her back when bending to the coal-scuttle. Look up, if you care to, Lamb's message of thanks, p. 210 in the third volume of Mr. Lucas's great *Letters*. (Published by the Yale University Press and not even the Yale Bowl could be more filled with humanity). I was always shocked to notice Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, in his interesting book on *English Diaries*, rather condescending toward Crabb Robinson. Ponsonby thinks he "lacked the finer perceptions" and may have been "an awful bore." I doubt it. Bores did not win and keep the friendship of Lamb, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake (to mention only a few of that astonishing muster of affection), nor win such a welcome from Goethe. A bore would scarcely have been invited to tour the Continent with the Wordsworths, nor would a man without fine feeling have refrained from asking Charles about Mary when he knew that she was in one of her spells. His annual visit to Rydal at Christmas time was as much a part of the festival as the holly, so wrote Quillinan, Wordsworth's son-in-law—"No Crabb, no Christmas!" And Mary Lamb cried out affectionately (and a little madly) when he went to see her after Charles's death: "Here's Crabby, come to see me in my affliction." O, if for nothing else I should cherish our Crabb for his note about Lamb's library. "He has the finest collection of shabby books I ever saw; such a number of first-rate works in very bad condition is nowhere to be found." But somehow, as he says that, don't you feel some of the handsome expensive collections fading and shrinking and looking embarrassed?

There's nothing especially witty or subtle about old Crabb: his quality is good Suffolk candor and conscience. "My family is as insignificant as can be imagined." He liked to take the part of the underdog in his work as barrister. He was grieved when he found (it's a startling episode in the Diary) a publisher in the pillory for having printed Paine's *Age of Reason*. (This was in 1812). He was much gratified to be one of the earliest members of the Athenæum—"a genteel establishment" he accurately calls it. He thought Dr. Dibdin, the famous bibliographer, was "too boyish in his laugh for a D.D." At his famous breakfast parties he made use of a tooth from the battlefield of Waterloo. This was put into his mouth in January 1816 by a Jewish dentist who assured him it would outlast twelve artificial teeth. He attended the famous lectures by Hazlitt and Coleridge, and tells us how terrible Hazlitt was at first. "He seems to have no conception of the difference between a lecture and a book. What he said was sensible and excellent, but he delivered himself in a low monotonous voice, with his eyes fixed on his MS., not once daring to look at his audience." We are glad to learn that Hazlitt "vastly improved" later. He was a great attender at lectures: many years later (1848) he notes of Emerson's talk on "The Laws of Thought" that it was "a rhapsodical exercise, leaving a dreamy sense of pleasure not easy to analyze." And of a subsequent lecture by Emerson, "I dare say the most liberal ever heard in Exeter Hall." He was always much interested in America, and a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln.

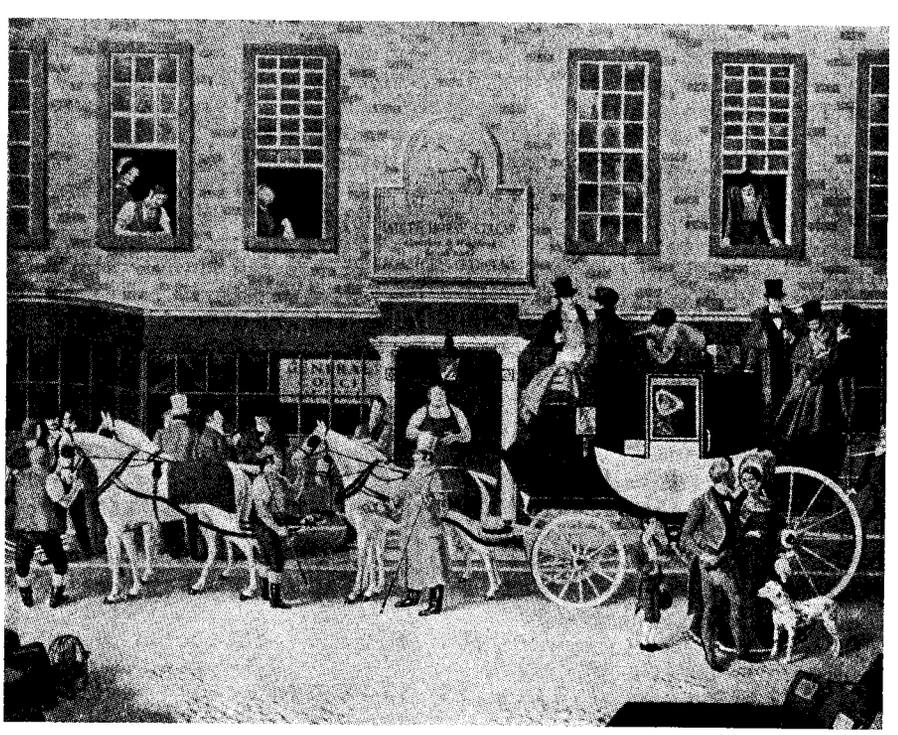
But this is only a note for the toe of a stocking: we can't possibly cover the whole career. For my own amusement I looked through his Diary to see how he spent his Christmases. You must remember that this was a hard-working and self-made man who had been a travelling correspondent for the *Times*, a barrister on circuit, and later a founder and constant adviser of University College, London; a practical benevolent, the perfect type of Bachelor Uncle and no mere dilettante.

Christmas 1815 he was studying Paley's *Evidences* and resolving to consider religion more thoroughly.

Christmas 1819, having moved to new chambers (in The Temple, I think), he spent in arranging his books. "Putting in order is a delightful occupation."

In December 1820 he was particularly interested in Keats. He read aloud some of *Hyperion* to friends, and noted "there are a force, wildness, and originality in the works of this young poet which, if his perilous journey to Italy does not destroy him, promise to place him at the head of the next generation of poets." The day after Christmas—after a hospitable dinner—he read the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and reproaches himself for feeling drowsy. "Early decay of my faculties," he says mournfully: it is amusing to remark that he lived vigorously over 46 years longer.

In 1824 he had Christmas dinner with Captain (later Sir John) Franklin, the



WHITE HORSE TAVERN IN DOVER STREET: *Where Crabb Robinson often took coach. Painting by Edward Halliday. (From* The Studio).

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Arctic explorer. 1825, he had met William Blake shortly before Christmas. The first night they met they walked home together, and Robinson asked Blake what he thought about the divinity of Christ. Blake said: "He is the only God. But then, so am I, and so are you." On Christmas Eve he read aloud to Blake "Wordsworth's incomparable ode" —viz. the *Intimations of Immortality*. "The parts which Blake most enjoyed were the most obscure—those which I least like and comprehend." And how puzzled the good man was by Blake's gorgeous remark "I fear Wordsworth loves nature, and nature is the work of the Devil."

I skip over several Christmas entries to come to 1835. December 23 he took the *Telegraph* (stage-coach) from London to Manchester, on his way to visit the Wordsworths. Of the journey he says "travelled more rapidly than ever before, going about 180 miles in one day. The great rapidity of the motion had, I believe, an effect on my spirits, for I felt no *ennui* . . . . the cold was so intense that the breath of the passengers, congealed on the glass, formed a blind which perpetual wiping could not remove." The ride to Manchester lasted from 5.30 A. M. until 8.30 P. M. As a matter of fact he had once travelled more rapidly, for a short distance: in June 1833 he records his first experience in a railway train. I wish there were space to quote the passage in full: together with Walt Whitman's paean about a primitive Pullman car it is one of my choicest fragments of railroadiana. H. C. R. does not say where he went: it was from Liverpool to some place 31 miles distant, the fare 4 shillings. "First is the tall chimney; then the boiler, a barrel-like vessel; then an oblong reservoir of water; then a vehicle for coals; and then comes, of a length infinitely extendible, the train of carriages: If all the seats had been filled, our train would have carried about 150 passengers . . . what a change will it produce in the intercourse! Stoppages included, the journey may certainly be made at the rate of 20 miles an hour!"

1835 was the first of many Christmas visits to Rydal. His habit was to take bed and breakfast in a nearby cottage, spend the day with the Wordsworths, returning in the evening to his lodging. He and the poet usually walked together in the afternoon, sometimes going to Ambleside to buy a newspaper. "At nine I came home, having ordered a fire in my bedroom, and then read in bed till one. My kind and agreeable landlady makes me excellent toast; I have my own tea; and a ham has been provided by Mrs. Wordsworth. In the evening I take a morsel of bread and ham, to keep off the foul fiend."

1836 he seems to have spent Christmas in Brighton. This was the year of a great snowstorm: it fell so heavily, the day after Christmas, "that not a coach either set out for or arrived from London."

In 1840 he had breakfast with Samuel Rogers just before Christmas; an interesting remark emerges. Robinson had admired the old gentleman's famous collections, and asked what would become of them. Rogers said "The auctioneer will find out the fittest possessor hereafter. He who gives money for things values them. Put in a museum, nobody sees them." Our sturdy Crabb says "I allowed this of gold and silver, but not of books."

Christmas 1843 was unlucky. He arrived at Rydal on Christmas Eve, taking lodgings that were new to him. That same evening he could not find the book he had laid out for reading in bed; went to the stair-head to call the landlady, and fell down the stairs in the dark. He was badly shaken and had to stay in bed several days.

Christmas 1844, Wordsworth read prayers "with remarkable beauty and effect." These apparently were not the church prayers, but "from Thornton's collection." The poet told a story of the Duke of Wellington who, on a visit, attended family worship only once because his host used "fancy prayers." The day after Christmas our diarist notes that Hartley Coleridge "sang a comic song which kept me very grave."—On his return to London in January '45, Robinson met Tennyson for the first time, "by far the most eminent of the young poets. He is fond of the enigmatical."

It is pleasant to know that even in Crabb Robinson's day the general skirmish of Yule was already burdensome. Just before Christmas '46 he had occasion to take the *Cornwallis* coach from Bury St. Edmunds (his home town, incidentally) to Cambridge. It was so overloaded with Christmas parcels (especially turkeys) that it was very late and our methodical friend missed the train for London. I should love to see a drawing by Walter Jack Duncan, my favorite artist of Christmas scenery, of the *Cornwallis* halted at Newmarket, where most of the delay happened, and old Crabb, turnip watch in hand, exasperating.

At Christmas '48 he went to the Lakes by railroad for the first time. En route he read the *Life of William Collins, R.A.*

Christmas '49 he spent as an invalid, at home at 30 Russell Square (where he had taken a flat in 1839). He had a carbuncle on his back, and consoled himself by giving books to children of his friends.

But of an old gentleman of such longevity we can only give glimpses. In his 80's we find him still eagerly reading the new books—*Esmond, Westward Ho,* and Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe;* attending Ruskin's lectures on photography; going to the theatre with boyish enthusiasm. Shortly before Christmas 1862 he dined with a group of old cronies, and remarks (bless his old heart) "I felt at my ease, and from habit can repeat my old stories still with some effect." But he closed the year's diarizing on a melancholy note. "I am afraid to walk alone in the London streets, lest I should be garroted, or lest I should fall. . . . All the civilized world in peril." That was the same Christmas time of which Alexander Smith wrote so beautifully and so forebodingly in *Dreamthorp*. Seventy-five years later there is scarcely better reason for certainty.

So, on a note of qualified cheer, we leave the good old fellow. I wonder if your Creevey is any better companion? It was characteristic of Crabb that he spent his last Christmas (1866) straightening his innumerable papers (his Diary alone filled 35 MS volumes, and his journals of travel 30 more). He was grieved that year that when he sent to purchase "the old Ipswich pocket-book" (a kind of memorandum-diary) which he had used annually since the preceding century, the proprietor had died and the booklet had gone out of existence. That was a fatal blow. On January 31, 1867, he broke off in mid-sentence, and wrote "But I feel incapable to go on." Feb. 5, 1867, he died, over 91. He resented old age to the last: I think he was in his 70's when he said "I look upon every man who offers to help me with my coat as my deadly enemy."

A Quick One

THE NEXT WAR. By Air Commodore L. E. O. Charlton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1937. 75 cents.

Reviewed by JAMES F. GREEN

ON a Friday of the not too distant future, Europe becomes ensnarled in another diplomatic crisis; on Saturday, German bombers massacre the upper classes at the Hendon air races and the lower classes in the London tubes; on Sunday, the bombing squadrons return to demolish the shipping areas and water supplies of Britain; on Monday, a final smashing raid on London compels unconditional surrender. In the meantime, half the British fleet is devastated by Italian attacks on Alexandria, and the French Government capitulates after a similar series of carefully planned air invasions. Thus the next war begins and ends—in a single weekend. With staccato sentences and repeated understatement, Commodore Charlton has produced in eighty-one pages an H. G. Wellsian version of every Briton's nightmare.

The precise moral of this alarmist essay is not quite clear. Lord Davies contributes a foreword which prescribes the New Commonwealth program, with its omnipotent international police force, as the remedy. The author would seem to favor, by implication at least, expansion of the British air forces and scientific investigation as to the proper methods for turning the aeronautical tables on Berlin. He indicates that anti-aircraft guns and gas masks are inadequate against an aerial attack which combines destruction and terrorism. For the American reader there is perhaps one consolation: this next world war is so brief that there is no time for either neutrality or war debts.

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Reporting Russia

(*Continued from page 4*)

volved at all; or, where they are aware of it, that socialism ever meant more than the government ownership of economic life. A good many of them, in fact, limit their enthusiasm to some one aspect of Soviet life—medicine, education, the theatre, Arctic exploration, as the case may be.

It would not be too far-fetched to develop the thesis that the Kremlin's retreat from the socialist idea, from internationalism, even from modernistic and progressive tendencies in the arts and in family relations, turned the natural enemies of the original revolution into hallelujah-shouters for the revolution in its new habiliments.

For simplicity's sake I have schematized the picture. These seem to me the main strands in the tangle of books about Russia. But I do not wish to imply that there have not been exceptions at all stages. In Waldo Frank's "Dawn in Russia" (1932) and, in lesser measure, also in Edmund Wilson's "Travels in Two Democracies" (1936) we have an echo of the early mystical strain. The attitude of straightforward opposition to anything that smacks of socialism, characteristic of the first years, are manifest throughout the two decades in the many writings of Father Edmund A. Walsh, in a book like Carveth Wells's "Kapoot," Mrs. Eve Garrette Grady's "Seeing Red," a host of others. Coincidentally with the flood of eulogistic books in the epoch of the Five Year Plans we also had the startling disclosures of terror in Tatiana Tchernavin's "Escape from the Soviets," Professor Vladimir Tchernavin's "I Speak for the Silent"; George Kitchin's "Prisoner of the OGPU"; Alexandra Tolstoy's "I Worked for the Soviet." And at all times, above the clashing ideologies and enthusiasms and despairs, there have been attempts at calm evaluation such as Elisha M. Friedman's "Russia in Transition" (1932) and "Economic Life of Soviet Russia," by Calvin B. Hoover.

The most eloquent eyeful in all travel literature is on record in Edmund Wilson's notes on his Soviet sojourn. It is cited here for its psychological rather than its optometrical interest. The optics in question, though no more than the dead eyes of a statue of Lenin, speak with extraordinary precision and ideological finesse. Mr. Wilson is authority that those miraculous orbs have—

> a look both piercing and genial, at once as if he were giving back to labor for the first time its heritage of human culture, and as if he were opening out to humanity as a whole a future of which for the first time they were to recognize themselves the masters, with the power to create without fear whatever they had minds to imagine.

The lecturing eyes of bronze, it may be safely surmised, spoke Mr. Wilson's mind rather than Mr. Lenin's. The formula of creative instinct freed at last was in his mind, it is apparent, before he set foot in Russia. Leningrad disappointed and depressed him. Its people seemed to him "dingy and mute and monotonous hordes." Seeking unconsciously for corroboration of his ardent preconceptions, he seized upon Lenin's unseeing eyes and made of them a convenient mirror of his own thoughts.

The American visitor needed a symbolic summary of his faith, and Lenin—the piercing, genial look in his eye, the aristocratic cast of his mummified features—did the trick. "Travels in Two Democracies" is one of the most sincere and successful efforts to set down Russian impressions honestly; yet the machinery of its eager attempts to save remnants of the imported faith is everywhere in evidence.

It is essential to recognize this in order to understand the well-nigh inspired dis-

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

tortions in a good many eulogistic books on the Soviet scene. Most intellectuals who tour the Soviet Union similarly read complicated messages in Lenin's eyes or some other mirror of their hopes. Less subtle visitors than Mr. Wilson seize upon grosser symbols: a factory nursery, a palace turned into a sanatorium, a model prison, a gaudy subway. I have seen the beauty of a Caucasian landscape, the equalitarian shabbiness of the populace, the traditional singing of Russian soldiers while marching, hailed eagerly as final proofs of the rightness of Marx and his Kremlin captors. In my own initial years in Moscow the public rendition of the "Internationale," because the song was associated in my memory with high moments of consecration in the American radical movement, quickly obliterated any accumulated doubts.

There is a passage in Waldo Frank's book on Russia in which he records that in Leningrad he couldn't eat because he must sing . . . this at a time when native Leningraders couldn't eat for less poetic reasons, such as the lack of food. Buildings, squares, posters all had mystic overtones for Mr. Frank that more than balanced any annoying realities that he could not overlook. Not one building bothered to whisper counter-revolutionary doubts; they all shouted highly ideological reassurance into the rarefied atmosphere of his intellectual gymnastics.

Where the will to believe is functioning uninhibitedly, even charts, statistics, and dull decrees may provide the mystical solvent for otherwise insoluble physical facts. The twelve hundred pages indited by the aged Fabian pair, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, have a truly scientific bulk and physiognomy; they bulge with footnotes and documentation and meticulous quotations. Yet "Soviet Communism; a New Civilization?" seems to me as completely a work of the imagination as though it were written in blank verse about a never-never land on the other side of the moon. In their old age the authors decided to build themselves a cozy home for their spirit, used the raw stuff of official propaganda as bricks and mortar, and called their handiwork Soviet Communism. What matter if no Soviet Communist would recognize the structure as even remotely related to the Russia he inhabits? It was recognized instantly by hundreds of other Western intellectuals, likewise in need of a spiritual vacation land, and hailed as the definitive work on Russia. The dream of the Webbs was so convincing in its solid exterior and seemingly scientific buttresses that with few exceptions even literary critics opposed to the Kremlin accepted it unquestioningly for what it pretended to be.

The Webbs "proved" that Russia was not a dictatorship and Stalin the opposite of a dictator; that the death of millions from starvation in 1932-33 was not really a famine; that Russian villages enjoy "unprecedented freedom" not only as compared to their Czarist past but as compared to villages in Europe. "The only sanctions that the Party can use to control its members," they asserted solemnly, "are those of reprimand and expulsion; and these entail no legal disabilities." Despite Stalin's own denunciation of brutal excesses in the forcible collectivization of the peasants, the Webbs were able to state that "something very like compulsion of hesitating peasants to join the collectives" was used. At one point they referred to the process coyly as "government persuasion." Hundreds of pages of such grotesquery, composed with an easy conscience, every illusion perfectly documented.

True, entire villages were disturbed in their enjoyment of unprecedented freedom by being liquidated *en masse*. Even American press agents for the Kremlin by now admit the famine which the Webbs scorned to recognize on the ground that a real famine is an act of God, whereas the mass starvation in southern Russia was the peasants' own fault. The Soviet democracy that they touted as superior to the bourgeois type has been dis-

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carded, with a great clanging of cymbals, in favor of the old-fashioned secret ballot and geographical representation. The world has watched in mounting horror the shooting of scores of leading communists and the imprisonment of hundreds of others notwithstanding the fact that the only sanctions discovered by the Webbs were reprimand and expulsion that entailed no legal disability. But the venerable couple have made no move to edit their statistical fairyland, being blithely unaware that they have fabricated a make-believe country.

I have gone into some detail on the Webbs because theirs seems to me the archetype of the wishful thinking books about Soviet Russia. The most that can be said for this literature is that its authors write sincerely from the depths of their earnest misconceptions; they have unknowingly accepted the veneer for the substance of Soviet life, the symbols for actualities, the statistics for living matter. Ignazio Silone has coined the name "juridical cretinism" to describe a mental condition in which the afflicted prefers documents, laws, figures, to the living facts under them. The classification of the disease helps explain a good many of the books under discussion.

Not even the justification of honest if unlovely self-delusion can be advanced, however, for the second and larger category of literary worship of the Kremlin —for the writers who knowingly and with deliberation twist and conceal and gloss over facts to confound their readers. Russia seems to them a cozy family affair and they won't wash their political linens in public. The outside world seems to them politically too young to face the facts of Russian life.

It is now common knowledge even among the most rigidly ideological and dialectical penthouse Bolsheviks here that 1932 was a year of tragic suffering in Russia, perhaps the lowest point economically in the Stalin era. And it was precisely in that year that a book appeared on how the Soviet proletarians live: "The Soviet Worker," by Joseph Freeman. Reading it in Moscow, in the midst of the mountainous difficulties, deprivations, cruelties, and fears, the book seemed a grotesque joke perpetrated to taunt the Russian workers by painting an idyllic picture of economic improvement and placid joy. Throughout the long volume Mr. Freeman translated the ruble statistics into American half-dollars, when he could not conceivably have been ignorant that the ruble was worth between two and three cents, and that often it was entirely worthless because there were no goods to purchase. Indignantly he denounced the "lies" about forced labor, though the Soviet government itself subsequently came to boast of its immense construction projects carried through by hundreds of thousands of prisoners.

This sort of distortion is on a lower plane, of course, than the mystical obsessions of Waldo Frank, the Webbs, Barbusse, and others. In Mr. Freeman's category belong nearly all the Russian books of the Louis Fischers, Walter Durantys, Anna Louise Strongs, Maurice Hinduses. A citation or two will suffice.

The system of large-scale forced-labor camps under the G. P. U. described by the Tchernavins, Kitchin, and others, Mr. Fischer in his "Soviet Journey" disposes of in these fantastic sentences: "The G. P. U. is not merely an intelligence service and a militia. It is a vast industrial organization and a big educational institution." In this smug dismissal of one of the greatest tragedies of our times, the concentration camps and exile colonies with their aggregate of millions of victims, Mr. Fischer has made a record for euphemism.

Mr. Hindus was one of the foreign writers kept out of the famine area in 1933. That year he was admitted into Russia on the understanding that he would stay away from his native village, which was in the heart of the stricken region. But in the books and articles written thereafter I find no reference to this telltale prohibition, and no straightforward account of the famine which occasioned it. Not until three or four years later did he get around to admitting that "at least three million" had died in the famine he had snubbed.

Miss Strong, who is by all odds the most adroit of the out-and-out propagandists, does not pretend to look at the Soviet picture whole. In "This Soviet World" she writes:

> I tell not the "whole truth," for truth is never "whole"; there are always at least two truths, the truth that is dying and the truth that is coming into existence.

Fortified by this cute sophistry, she helps the dying truth into its grave with a few well-aimed kicks. In handling that famine, for instance—it is a good test of any writer's essential honesty—there are none of the inept denials one finds in the books of her colleagues. A hint thrice removed suffices, no more than a footnote in the course of some remarks on censorship:

> The most striking recent example was the suppression of information during the difficult year of 1932, a suppression which turned several American journalists permanently against the Soviets. The Soviets believed with some reason that detailed knowledge of their difficulties would provoke the threatened Japanese invasion.

And that's that for the famine—not another word anywhere in the book! Her implication is that the suppression of the facts rather than the facts themselves turned the journalists. . . . A further implication is that while she, those journalists, and a hundred and sixty million Russians knew about the famine and other difficulties, the simple-hearted Japanese militarists were being fooled!

The production of books about Russia, as I said at the outset, is likely to continue without abatement for a good many years. Every variety that I have touched upon is sure to be reinformed with additional exemplars. But the emphasis, if I may venture a prognosis, will be more and more on the theme of disenchantment. The symbolic validity of the Russian Revolution is spending its force as the triumph of the counter-revolution under the present regime becomes more apparent. Increasingly the radicals and conservatives, the professors and physicians and engineers, the over-stimulated tourists and desperate intellectuals will review and re-assess their former enthusiasms. It will be the task of a whole generation of intellectuals, I am convinced, to rescue the social idealism evoked and expressed by the Russian revolution from its tragic identification with events and policies that are anti-social and anti-idealistic. The process is already well started.

Eugene Lyons, long a Russian correspondent, is the author of "Assignment in Utopia," a work which more than any other has made clear the true facts concerning the Russian famine.

"Inter-Americanism"

AMERICA SOUTH. By Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. $3.50.

CARLETON BEALS has backed his studies of Latin America with twenty years of travel between Rio Grande and the Horn, always observing carefully and reporting intelligently upon that vast panorama that moves him by turns to indignation and applause. Usually he is rather grim about it; the internal relations of the Latin American countries and their ulterior relations with the United States constitute problems of diplomacy which cannot be lightly resolved. In this new book he has examined them through a zealot's lens, pointing out the mutual dependence of the "Siamese twins" of our hemisphere, almost shouting, one feels, that our contacts with the countries south of us have been opportunistic and faithless when we needed comity most. It may be true that Pan-Americanism, as it has been narrowly conceived by us, is "idiotic" because economically, culturally, and racially we are of discrepant stuff, but a broader alliance, which Mr. Beals calls "Inter-Americanism . . . part of a world concept," is not beyond hope.

Very thoroughly he has drawn the history of Latin America from the time of the Chimus past the Incas, Mayas, Toltecs to the Conquistadores, and on again past the civilized revolutions to the current Aprismo movement, of which he is an ardent partisan. There is very little soil he has left unturned to view the roots of whatever may be important to Latin America today and tomorrow. His conclusions are forceful. If the dreams of Simon Bolivar a hundred years ago are ever to be realized in a New World confederation there must be among the politicians of both continents men with the perception of Carleton Beals.

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Explorations of Primitive Life

PRIMITIVE RELIGION. ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN. By Paul Radin. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.50.

SAVAGE CIVILIZATION. By Tom Harrison. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $4.

AFRICAN GENESIS. By Leo Frobenius and Douglas C. Fox. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by HORTENSE POWDERMAKER

DR. RADIN'S scholarly volume is, in this reviewer's estimation, the best book which has appeared to-date on its subject. Religion, the author believes, is "one of the most important and distinctive means for maintaining life-values," and since primitive people do not have other means of stressing life values (as we have), religion permeates all phases of existence. Dr. Radin's approach is original in that he studies religion in terms of the actual people who feel and practise it, rather than in abstract terms. He classifies primitive people into priest-thinkers and laymen, roughly corresponding to the familiar introvert and extrovert types. The priest thinker is interested in an analysis of the religious phenomena, while the layman is interested in its effect and potency. In all primitive societies the medicine man or shaman has been marked by his emotional instability and greater sensitivity to his own neurotic conflicts. From his suffering comes a synthesis of the conflict within himself, which he projects outward as the drama of man's continuous struggle for security. The shaman attains this security through his trances in which he becomes as one with the unknown. Dr. Radin's concrete examples of how individual priests and magicians adjust to the role of intermediary between man and the supernatural, is one of the keenest analyses in anthropological literature.

The author elaborates the thesis that the priest-thinker manipulates religious beliefs and practices to strengthen his own power and that of the elders (in which group he generally is), to make himself economically secure, or to put it more bluntly, for economic exploitation. The value of Dr. Radin's approach is that it shows how religion is unmistakably interwoven with the social-economic order. Its danger is in its overemphasis, which the author says he is aware of, but then seems to forget.

However, whether or not one agrees with the thesis in every detail his book is an outstanding contribution. Its very overemphasis gives it drive and interest. The style is clear and the subject matter will appeal not only to anthropologists, but as well to all those interested in the complicated inter-relationships of our own society as well as in primitive ones.

Like "Primitive Religion," "Savage Civilization" is also an original book, but one more difficult to label. It is neither straight anthropology nor a conventional travel book. Mr. Harrison is a young English biologist, who after the official end of his expedition in the New Hebrides Islands in the western Pacific "went native," and among other adventures became a government official and an actor in a Hollywood film of natives. He is a scientist, adventurer, artist, and a young man finding himself.

The book gives a vigorous description of the Melanesian "savages" and falls into three parts: before the coming of the white man, during contacts with the whites, and today. Mr. Harrison is at his best in the period of contacts with the whites (1607-1902). Like Dr. Radin, Mr. Harrison does not deal in abstractions. He gives vivid portraits of individual missionaries, black-birders, traders, and others in their contact with natives. His is one of the best accounts of culture contact in Oceania that the reviewer has read. The first section, which deals with the natives before the coming of the whites, is not, however, up to the standard of the later part. One is conscious of the lack of anthropological training of the author; there is a vagueness and lack of important detail.

This book is no detached account of a primitive people. Tom Harrison, energetic, insatiably curious, sometimes a bit conceited, other times with a surprising humility, and always likable, is on every page. The style has a spontaneous and refreshing quality.

"African Genesis" is an entertaining collection of African folk tales collected from the Berbers, the Sudanese, and the Southern Rhodesians. Here are the origin myths common to all peoples, as to how the first human beings came into existence, the first domestication of cattle, the beginning of agriculture. In the Berber origin myth for human beings there is a variation from many others, in that the first maidens ravished the first youths, who, however, later asserted themselves and became the masters. Some of the tales are not unlike "Just So Stories," and we learn how the lion and the young man became good friends and why the robin has nothing to say.

Illustrations of rock-paintings and portraits of African natives add much to the interest of the book, while the frankness of the language and the simplicity and clarity of style contribute to the pleasure of the reader. Since all the stories have been published elsewhere previously and as no new material has been added, the book has very little significance for the anthropologist. But to the reader who wants entertainment and some knowledge of the philosophy of the Africans from whom the tales are taken, it will give much pleasure.

Hortense Powdermaker is the author of "Life in Lesu."

Turkish Leader

KEMAL ATATURK. By Hanns Froembgen. Translated from the German by Kenneth Kirkness. New York: Hillman-Curl, Inc. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by NERMIN MUVAFFAK

HANNS FROEMBGEN has written a journalistic version of an epic story, flavoring it here with an exclamation point, there with an "*en avant!*" and yonder with a "Spare me that! There must be a way out!" But in spite of its exuberance of style (for some of which the translator may be responsible) the book is, as the jacket promises, "eminently readable," and should help to popularize one of the most exciting chapters of contemporary history.

The book opens with an account of the Gallipoli campaign and comes down to the Montreux Conference on the status of the Straits, July 1936. Mr. Froembgen does not attempt to explain. He merely tells. He tells dramatically, and the central character, Ataturk, emerges a real enough person—but with the important things left out. We should like to know more about this "World-ideology," to which Mr. Froembgen refers. We should like to have it explained to us in what way he quickened the process of transformation in Turkey, what the various steps were by which his reforms came into being. Pages of descriptive writing are devoted to Arif and his bear, to Ali the Bald and his tribunal, but the fourteen years of Turkey's republican era are covered in one concluding chapter. The views of the founder of the republic on such matters as foreign policy, domestic policy, foreign trade, the agrarian and industrial revolution which has been going on under his regime—such things are mentioned in passing, while colorful military campaigns are played up to the hilt. The three subdivisions of the book name Ataturk soldier, rebel, and victor. He was, of course, all of these, but surely his peacetime activities should be given at least as much importance in a full-length portrait. There are many statues of Ataturk depicting him in uniform and on horseback, as he was in the days of war and revolution. But he himself prefers to dress and act as a civilian.

This is, then, in no sense a "definitive" biography. It brings to light nothing that was not known before and does not touch on many things that are still to be written about. So far as painstaking research is concerned, it may be said that Dagobert von Mikusch did a better job in 1929, when he published his "Gazi Mustafa Kemal." But the present account is certainly livelier; except for a slight German bias the general outlines follow the facts pretty closely, and the whole is pleasant and, as has been said before, eminently readable. It is especially to be recommended to those who have never before read a life of the Turkish leader.

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Glimpses of Everything

A HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1937. $3.50.

AN INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Random House. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by DONALD C. MCKAY

MR. BARNES introduces his readers to the first of these volumes with the modest admonition that "This is the only book of its kind in any language." We can readily believe it. Within the covers of a not overlong work, Mr. Barnes has compressed the whole story of historical writing from its earliest origins to the late James Harvey Robinson. He has done more: he has superadded a section on the "New History" which projects the reader into the future and lays upon him the heavy responsibility of mastering the social sciences in all their variety, if he would be a worthy servitor of Clio. Mr. Barnes, in short, appears in the dual role of historian and evangelist, a role which, if we remember correctly, is neither unfamiliar nor uncongenial to him. His aim is twofold: first, to "show how the historical literature of each period has been related to its parent culture"; and, second, to "indicate the advances, if any in historical science, and then make clear the individual contributions of the major historical writers of the age."

Mr. Barnes has addressed himself seriously to the elucidation of how given historical works have grown out of the cultural soil of their epoch. But these sections are weakened by their brevity and then too often vitiated by the author's unremitting preoccupation with his second problem—the genetic approach. Past historical writing is judged in terms of present-day criteria. Despite his moderation, the author is obviously irritated by the wrong-headed recalcitrance of historians who, by the most devious paths and disingenuous methods, have avoided the truths of the New History these two thousand years and more. He finds himself, too, in other difficulties with the genetic approach. He discusses (or at least mentions) a great number of writers. The result is an all too frequent combination of compression, on one hand, and irrelevance, on the other. The descriptions of the prima donnas have frequently been so compressed and so inadequately organized from the standpoint of artistic emphasis that critical statements of great significance are found huddling in democratic proximity to the most jejune commonplaces. Even more serious is the careless irrelevance evident in the liberal besprinkling of his pages with the names of lesser figures whose inclusion the author often makes no serious attempt to justify.

It is in the final quarter of his book that Mr. Barnes divests himself of the role of historian and assumes that of evangelist. Wielding the rough-hewn mace of polemic he is at his best. Now once again he plunges into the lists with knightly ardor and lays about him at all and sundry—and notably at those benighted historians of the "erudite school" who continue to cling to the comfortable (but misleading) obfuscations of their youth. His eloquent defence of the New History and its wider implications is the plea of an ardent disciple who seeks to tempt (or to dragoon) the younger generation of historians into the heavenly city of the Robinsonians. This was all very exciting fifteen years ago when we were reading "The Mind in the Making" for the first time. But we younger men at least have long since been convinced of the significance for the historian of geography, economics, psychology, and various other disciplines. And we have had an opportunity to learn something of the possibilities and limitations of the New History by observing the successes and failures of its practitioners. Mr. Barnes gives us just a little the impression that he feels himself still in the heat of battle, at the head of his troops, and about to storm the final redoubt. Perhaps, if he will look about him, he will discover that the redoubt has long since been taken and that the most spirited of his troops at least have moved on to new objectives—that they are concerned with such problems as the irrational element in human activity (Pareto is not even mentioned by Mr. Barnes), and that they have found simple cause and effect series inadequate by themselves and are turning for aid to such conceptions as the interdependence of variables and even attenuated forms of Spenglerian morphology.

Our interest in Mr. Barnes's second book lies in the problem of the writing of cultural history. The latter, we assume, is not a compilation of essays on literature, music, the fine arts, religion, and so on, but an integrated picture in which the inclusion of each element is justified. Not every novelist of "importance" will be included in the sections on literature, but only those novelists and those works which contribute to the development of the writer's particular plan. The Beards' "Rise of American Civilization" and Robert Binkley's "Realism and Nationalism" offer excellent examples of the clear conception and consistent execution of such a plan. Mr. Barnes appears to have recognized the existence of such an ideal. Many of his sections attempt definitely to interrelate the cultural elements of an epoch. But the book as a whole lacks an integrated architecture, and exhibits a certain invertebrate character. It is often episodical and unknit. It should be emphasized that many of its sections are excellent as disparate essays and very stimulating in themselves, but they stand essentially unrelated to the whole. And once again in this book Mr. Barnes is guilty of hurling mere names and mere facts at the reader, in inconsistent disregard of his own frequently expressed contempt for "antiquarianism."

In another sense the present book is interesting—as an expression of its own period. Ours is an age of grandiose conceptions—the age of Spengler, Hitler, Eddington, Jules Romains. It is an age avid of big questions and of answers adequately large. And so Mr. Barnes has been content with nothing less than universal history. His attempt has not, we think, succeeded. Instead, his account of the past has fortified us in our sympathy for Croce's dictum that "universal history" is a "claim," not a "fact." The general reader will scarcely be tempted to thread his way through this labyrinth of names and ideas—such an enterprise demands at least the art of H. G. Wells. And the student?—Doubtless this work is designed for courses in the "history of civilization." From the reviewer's own experience, there are few ways more adequately designed to induce complete confusion in the mind of a freshman than to give him a ticket on one of those stream-lined expresses, from the windows of which he gets fleeting glimpses of everything from homo sinensis to Heisenberg.

Donald C. McKay is a member of the history department of Harvard University.

Our Historians

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Michael Kraus. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BUCK

THE study of historical writing in the United States is a rich and virgin field awaiting the properly equipped explorer. The subject is inherently important. It is a phase of intellectual history inasmuch as every broad current of human thought enters into what men write about the past. It is a phase of political history inasmuch as every party movement has influenced the historian's pen. It is a phase of social history inasmuch as popular activities and aspirations find reflection in the written record of the past. The study broadens indefinitely to include such varied influences upon historiography as, for example, Calvinism, Darwinianism, Marxism, Whiggery, Jacksonianism, agrarianism, urbanism, pro- and anti-slavery, and the quest for social justice. Furthermore as writers our historians form a distinguished group among American men of letters. A group which began with Bradford and includes Bancroft, Sparks, Parkman, Henry Adams, Jameson, and Turner has variety, intellectual strength, and literary charm. Yet this inviting field attracted no general surveyor until Mr. Kraus essayed the task of describing it in its entirety.

Allowance should be made for the difficulty and the novelty of the undertaking. But even so Mr. Kraus's work seems mediocre. His book is a jumble of fact and shallow criticism about many historians and their books. There is little awareness of general ideas and a total failure to integrate individuals with broad currents of thought. His organization is clumsy and his comment although detailed is superficial. The book may serve as a compendium of badly assorted but fairly complete information. It is not, however, a history of American history and only advertises and makes more obvious the crying need for a competent book on the subject.

Paul H. Buck is the author of "The Road to Reunion."

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The Record of the Writers' Congress

THE WRITER IN A CHANGING WORLD. Edited by Henry Hart, with an introduction by Joseph Freeman. New York: Equinox Cooperative Press. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL

HERE is a record of the second American Writers' Congress. It contains an introduction by Joseph Freeman, the scheduled speeches which were delivered at all of the sessions, and a narrative account of the discussions and proceedings. The final section is inadequate.

The ostensibly important purposes of the congress were two: to organize writers for the defense of democracy and culture against war and fascism; to discuss the technical problems of writers and to outline measures that would implement the spread of culture. However, the congress was essentially political in nature, and dominated by the influence of the Communist Party. It was organized and sponsored by the League of American Writers. The manifesto calling the congress expressed the prevailing party line. The only leader or important functionary of a political party who addressed it was Earl Browder. No important intellectual or writer of liberal or radical persuasion who disagrees with the official left cultural movement or the Party on *important* political, intellectual, or literary questions was invited to address the congress. Thus, we can see the reasons for the essentially monolithic character of the congress, for the absence of stimulating and fertile ideas in the speeches and discussions, and for the lack of any all-sided examination of issues and problems that are today crucial.

Three of the important subjects discussed at the congress were war, fascism, and democracy. Dealing with the manner in which the congress treated the war question, John Chamberlain contributed an article—*WAS It a Writers' Congress?*—to the August issue of *Common Sense*. He pointed out that there was a flavor of 1917 to the congress. I refer my readers to his article. Although speech after speech referred to democracy and fascism, no incisive analysis of either system was presented.

Two of the most pretentious speeches were delivered by Kenneth Burke and B. A. Botkin. Speaking on The Relation between Literature and Science, Burke was characteristically obscurantist; one of his conclusions advanced, as compatible with "Marxist philosophy," a Freudianized concept of a "patriot-father" image. Mr. Botkin even managed retroactively to admit the deceased Mary Austin into the progressive front. Newton Arvin urged progressives to study the democratic heritage of New England so that reactionaries could not appropriate it for fascist ends. Albert Rhys Williams spoke of billions of books published in the Soviet Union, but he did not mention the jailing of writers and the suppression of free speech in that land. Frances Winwar delivered an informative talk on literature under Mussolini. Archibald MacLeish spoke on Spain and American writers.

Joseph Freeman delivered an extemporaneous speech defending the present Communist line. "The applause was overwhelming." In the 1935 congress, he also received applause after delivering an extemporaneous speech in which he attacked all the fundamental conceptions which he defended in 1937. In 1935, he said: "Consider carefully the demagogy of the fascist government of Mexico. When I was in Mexico, I found state governors —*one of whom became president of the republic*—who used to hand out Lenin's portrait to peasant delegations." In 1937, he said: "Certainly Cardenas is a bourgeois president, but *he is progressive in his setting . . . the Cardenas regime puts through progressive measures beneficial to the people.*" (Italics mine.)

Donald Ogden Stewart began his speech thus: "I am inclined to believe that my function at a congress of writers is that of the Horrible Example." He testified "to show you the awful thing a writer can become after ten years of successful commercial writing, so that when you go shuddering to bed tonight you can get down on your knees and pray, 'Dear God, please don't let me become like Donald Ogden Stewart.'" He concluded: "Let all writers, 'step out of the museum and take a breath of fresh air and in doing so help to open the doors for others.'" The "Horrible Example" was unanimously elected head of the organization of writers formed out of the congress.

Among those who did not attend the congress were John Dewey, Edmund Wilson, John Chamberlain, Sidney Hook, Louis Hacker, and John Dos Passos.

American Music

FROM JEHOVAH TO JAZZ. Music in America From Psalmody to the Present Day. By Helen L. Kaufmann. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. $3.

THIS rapid-fire, wise-cracky history of American music was evidently written for those who run to read. Why those who run should wish to read on certain subjects is another matter, but if they must read, they could probably do worse than to grab this volume and look at it with one eye while the other follows the hands around the clock. The main facts are here, if somewhat scrambled; the right names appear, even if the text seems to be in much the same hurry that the running reader reveals in his dash for culture. As might have been guessed from the title, there is far more of jazz than of Jehovah, even in those few pages at the beginning wherein Jehovah, so to speak, gets His innings. It is possible to overdo the bright-and-breezy technique in the handling of historical material. The determination to be fast and funny at any price becomes to some readers more than a trifle wearisome. It is not objectionable, for example, when dealing with Tin Pan Alley, to orchestrate one's prose with the instruments dear to the Alley; to write of this industry too soberly would be to miss the point. On the other hand, to write of all American music as if it were a theme for a journalist's holiday, is to get off key too often.

Mencken the First

THE CHARLATANRY OF THE LEARNED. By Johann Burkhard Mencken. Translated from the German by Francis E. Litz, with Notes and Introduction by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

FOR Mr. Mencken's discovery of his remote eighteenth century relative we have some reason to be grateful. The two little tracts on intellectual quackery are amusing and full of good sense. They deserved reprinting. And they will be read with interest and pleasure. One can sympathize with Mr. Mencken's delight when he discovered in the writings of his forerunner views not altogether dissimilar to his own.

Johann Burkhard Mencken, sometime vice-chancellor of the University of Leipzig and author of "The Charlatanry of the Learned" was evidently a man of parts. He was born the year that Milton died and he died the year George Washington was born. In the fifty-eight years between he made himself quite a fellow, master of many languages, familiar with the sciences, and independent in thought. An early eighteenth century German who could speak and write good English must be called a rare bird. A university dignitary who went out of his way at academic festivals to attack academic hokum must have been a black swan. There is something fine and fresh-minded about the quaint old gentleman.

One reflects with some bitterness, as one lays down the amusing if long-winded little volume, that it could not be printed in Germany today. And there is another sad thought. It is a pity that Mr. H. L. Mencken should have undertaken the role of the scholar. His introduction is agreeable and suggestive, but angels and ministers of grace defend us from his ill-written and frequently inaccurate notes. Perhaps of all our better known men of letters Mr. Mencken is the least well equipped to monkey with the ironies and subtleties of eighteenth century letters.

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Roads to Neutrality

THE FINAL CHOICE. By Stephen and Joan Raushenbush, New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

THE "choice" presented in this book looks uncomfortably like an insoluble dilemma. Two moving spirits behind the senatorial front of the Munitions Committee investigation might have been expected to produce a simple panegyric in favor of legislation for "neutrality," the elimination of war profits, government manufacture of munitions, and the spate of related measures owing their origin to that magnificent probe into the causes of war. Such, however, is not the case. To be sure, the authors easily demolish the insubstantial edifice of their principal opponents — those who would have us crusade again to rescue democracy and, incidentally, assorted national imperialist interests. Democracy, the Raushenbushes convincingly demonstrate, cannot be imposed by war; it can be secured only by peace and prosperity. General war means concentration of control and eventual dictatorship, both at home and abroad.

But the outlook for the alternative, an isolationist policy, is not much more cheerful. Realistically examined, the struggle to devise laws insulating the United States against contact with foreign conflicts can do no more than delay American participation. Attempts to prevent the economic machinery of our nation from meshing into a rich war trade are "probably hopeless." All that remains is to pray that we may have an able and peace-loving executive in office when the storm breaks, and that our flimsy controls against involvement do not break down until the tempest has passed away.

So runs this grim but undeniably accurate portrayal of the position of the United States in world affairs. Yet world war is not flatly termed inevitable. A ray of hope is seen in the vague possibility that this troubled world may be reformed both politically and economically: politically by entrusting its destinies to a superstate armed with international military contingents; economically through a mass conversion to liberal international economic policies under superstate control. It is obviously a strain on one's credulity to imagine that, the League of Nations having been battered into innocuous pulp, a stronger institution of the same sort might be created from the same elements. Indeed, the authors' discussion of their own peace plan is shot through with the recognition that it can hardly be brought to fruition without supernatural intercession. The villain of the piece, they imply, is the capitalist system itself. But would not a congeries of socialist nations be subject to national passions like our own, and tempted to indulge in similar conflicts for the right to exploit colonial areas? Capitalism may, as the Marxists declare, lead unswervingly to war, but it does not follow that a largely political malady can be cured by a mere change in economic organization. A number of unexplained assumptions of this type and an occasional lapse in style mar what is generally a worth-while presentation.

David H. Popper is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 195)

NICHOLAS BRETON—"FANTASTICS."

It is now December . . .
Strange stuffs will be sold
Strange tales well told
And what else as falls out.
. . . . . .
I hold it the costly purveyor of excess and the after-breeder of necessity, the practice of folly and the purgatory of reason.

Choice of Religions

BEYOND TRAGEDY: Essays On The Christian Interpretation of History. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF

WHEN this book is lifted up out of the obscuring mists of its shadowy title, it is easily recognized as one of Reinhold Niebuhr's most daring and brilliant attempts to present what he believes to be the vast superiority of the profound psychological and social values in Biblical religion, over the values to be found in social and cultural religions. This is the central theme around which the material and convictions of each chapter are organized. But it is a twentieth century interpretation of the Bible in which he finds these profound values resident; and he has no lack of knowledge, or appreciation, of the modern social and cultural values. For, as most of his readers already know, he is one of the most widely read and informed writers in the field of religion, and outstanding in his popularity as a college and university preacher. His regular audience is the cultured group, and the fifteen chapters contained in this book are addresses originally given in the college and university chapels of this country. And yet, when all of this has been stated, the fact remains, as the reader will see, that he makes a much more free and determined use of the Scriptures than the average modern university preacher. He believes with a depth of conviction that marshals all the resources of his gifted personality into service, that the Scriptures, through history, myth, symbol, have plumbed the nature of religious experience to a far greater depth than have social and cultural religions. "The modern age substituted the God of reason and nature for the God of revealed religion," he writes, and by so doing, he endeavors to show, it opened the floodgates of tragedy that have swept down upon the world from every side.

This whole field is so controversial, and readers are so sensitive about belief, words, and ideas, that any attempt to acquaint others with the fascinating way in which the author does his work is sure to arouse prejudices that may lose him readers who, if they had not been turned away, might have been grateful to him.

Near Eastern Affairs

THE MEMOIRS OF SIR RONALD STORRS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THIS richly freighted volume of reminiscences will attract three kinds of readers: those who desire unbiased, skillfully presented information about the background of affairs in the Near East, especially about the increasingly momentous conflict between Jews and Arabs in Palestine; those who relish anecdotes of the great and the nearly great, and who want their insight into contemporary history sharpened by a knowledge of the personalities, public and private, of the chief figures; and those who have discovered in autobiography one of the important arts, who enjoy and find instructive the often complicated self-analysis and self-illumination of a cultivated man.

Before and during the war Sir Ronald Storrs was Oriental Secretary to the British Agency in Egypt, where he gained experience under Cromer, Gorst, and Kitchener. After Allenby's capture of Jerusalem, he was appointed Civil Governor of that city, a post which he relinquished in 1926 to become Governor of Cyprus, where he remained until 1932. Few men have been in a position to know so much about the racial, religious, and social tangles of Asia Minor; few men have played a more vital part in the effort to bring order to a region where order was not natural; no man succeeded in the task so brilliantly, albeit for so brief a period. The reflective survey of nearly thirty years of Near-Eastern politics, diplomacy, warfare, and social conditions which he provides is penetrating, judicious, and frank—the product of a wisdom born not only of experience but also of acute and well-wishing interest. It is the necessary guide, not to be found elsewhere, to an understanding of the problems which exist today particularly in Palestine and, less insistently, in all the Levantine countries.

The bold narrative of events is pleasantly interrupted time and again to include many diversions—witty thumb-nail sketches of notabilities in unguarded moments; admirably dry and sparkling stories, the by-products of official life, told with the packed economy of the instinctive aphorist; aptly pointed *obiter dicta* on music, art, and literature, to which Sir Ronald has payed the homage of the advanced connoisseur. And then there is Sir Ronald himself, by no means the least exciting of the characters who come to life in his pages. In a very real sense it is his book; less as author than as subject he dominates without obtrusive egoism every chapter. The best type of British official, energetic, sincerely altruistic, disarmingly modest, the self-knowledge to which he has risen informs every sentence of his autobiography, making it a remarkable and rewarding psychological document presented with impressive but not always orthodox literary skill. It is not for nothing that Henry James has been one of his prime passions.

Charles David Abbott is librarian of the University of Buffalo.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

SHAKESPEARE'S YOUNG LOVERS. By Elmer Edgar Stoll. Oxford University Press. 1937. $2.

Mr. Stoll, in his latest study, remarks that Shakespeare's maidens, like his other characters, are the "perfection of types already established on the stage." This is familiar Stollian dogma, and there are few nowadays to dispute it.

His main discussion, however, grows out of another of his doctrines: that Shakespeare never motivates the action of his characters psychologically, as Ibsen does. The Elizabethan is interested mainly in dramatic situations. He makes us take the doings of his men and women, "not by analysis and realism, but by stage management, by poetry, by the situation in the world the poet has created." All the magic—what we think of as Shakespeare's "characterization" — lies in the "temper and utterance of the characters." In "Romeo and Juliet" these "harden and deepen without losing their identity"; and in the comedies, as in the tragedy, we must *listen* if we would come to know the natures of Portia, Beatrice, and the rest.

This "various and uncapturable music" Mr. Stoll captures with accents when the ladies move him deeply, as Imogen—

> Yóu gòod góds
> Lét what is here contaín'd rélish of lóve . . . —

and then feels free to out-Jameson anybody. But he comes back to his thesis with the young men, despised by the sentimentalists, but appreciated by Mr. Stoll as "perfect partners in the exhilarating fandango or fox-trot of talk."

The reader's enjoyment of these fine essays is deepened by a sense of gratitude. Mr. Stoll belongs to the group of scholars who followed Tolstoy and the smashers of nineteenth century bardolatry. Thanks to their accumulated knowledge of Shakespeare as of an age as well as for all time, modern producers are beginning to trust him as a craftsman. So the diapason of the full Shakespearian text is beginning once more to startle human ears.

E. C.

Fiction

BROTHER PETROC'S RETURN. By S. M. C. Little, Brown. 1937. $1.75.

This is a rather pleasing tale which falls short of success because, like so many paintings which reproduce the subject without the sincerity of the primitives, it creates the impression of having been willed into existence instead of being a simple act of faith. It is the story of a young monk of the sixteenth century who having apparently succumbed to illness just as the King's men descend on his monastery to enforce by violence the royal demands, is hastily placed in a vault by his brethren and there left as they seek safety in flight. Four hundred years later, in 1929, the abandoned monastery once more reverts to the old order which undertakes the pious task of reburying the dead of long ago. The tomb of Brother Petroc is opened, and lo, what seems a miracle, for here is a young man in the bloom of his youth untouched by time or decay. His eyelids flutter, he breathes, and the good monks nurse him back to health. His gradual readjustment to life and his acclimatization to new modes of living and thought, constitute the rest of the tale.

The story has charm and feeling, and in its portrayal of Brother Petroc's attempt to reconcile his troubled soul with his faith in God, strikes a deeper note. It is exceedingly Catholic but fails to convey the reality of the religious experience it seeks to evoke.

A. L.

DOWN THE DARK STREET. By Jessie Fenton. Houghton Mifflin. 1937. $2.50.

In Miss Fenton's book we follow a boy from his first misdemeanor, through a varied life of crime, to the death house. This kind of story calls for pace; we need an approximation of the swift movement, the plunge, of crime and getaway. It calls also for depth; we need to know this boy thoroughly, and his motives, and the forces inside and outside of him that impel him toward the chair. But none of these are here. Instead of pace we have fluttering and excitement—a very different thing. Instead of any realistic psychological analysis, a steady run of emotionalism that blurs the outlines of the boy's character beyond recognition. In other words, the manner of the telling is fatally weak. The whole book has neither the force nor the credibility to be found in any column of crime news on page two of your daily paper.

N. L. R.

THE GARDENER WHO SAW GOD. By Edward James. Scribners. 1937. $2.50.

The naive young hero of this book, after a life of almost complete misfortune, is made head gardener of a large English estate. In that capacity he goes to London to exhibit orchids and lilies at the flower show, and, through an accident, is done out of the Jubilee Cup. He does manage, however, to hear a symphony concert. Profoundly moved, he returns to his home in the country and has a revelation. Flowers take shape in the sky—all kinds of flowers—and then one tremendous flower; next the animals appear, and finally one hermaphroditic animal in "the superb and terrible moment of procreation." When the primal Beast opens its jowls, unseen choirs sing *"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God!"*

There is nothing new or fancy about revelations. You can explain them in psychological terms or you can accept them literally, but if you are a believer, you have to distinguish between genuine mystical experience and ordinary nightmare. That distinction can be made only on the basis of the truth which any given revelation contains, and unfortunately the truth contained in the gardener's revelation would make a cat laugh.

The parts of the book which precede and follow the moment of revelation are neither strange nor wonderful. They are, as a matter of fact, stuff and nonsense. Mr. James has chosen to write about a simple man, without ever having discovered apparently that simple men are not as a rule simple-minded. By way of contrast there are pages and pages of familiar side-lights and uninteresting observations on surrealism, music, and decadent aristocratic society. The style throughout is turgid and trite, jarring to the ear and even more jarring to the mind.

W. M.

Miscellaneous

THE GARDEN IN COLOR. With 320 Illustrations in Natural Color for Every Garden Season. By Louise Beebe Wilder. Macmillan. 1937. $7.50.

The author of "Adventures with Hardy Bulbs" has surpassed herself here. Her book is a gardener's year, with brief paragraphs for each flower, shrub, tree in due order, this text consisting of mingled description and advice, with some additions on flower arrangement. But the chief feature of the volume, of course, is the color photography of the plates. In individual flowers this color photography is not the equal of the old color prints, and such a number and variety of plates by any other process would have made the cost of this book far higher, but in backgrounds, borders, and groupings the scope is far broader than the prints. For identification also, being photography, these plates are excellent, even though the colors are not always exactly right. This book will make many amateur gardeners happy.

H. S. C.

EVERYDAY THINGS IN AMERICAN LIFE: 1607-1776. *By William Chauncey Langdon. Scribners.* 1937. $3.

Mr. Langdon lives up to the bare essentials of his title, but he fails to give the reader any feeling of the vitality with which people of former times endowed their everyday "things." The work falls between two stools; it is not likely to be popular with a mature public because of the undiscriminating writing and lack of essentially dramatic qualities, and it certainly is of no use to the scholar, to whom much is self-evident and more is not sufficiently intensive or extensive. He opens to our view a maze of diverse objects but does not use these inanimate legacies of the past to reveal the life of colonial Americans, their art of living together, the human results of their mechanical and industrial technique, their

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and subject-matter is amazing"—*New York Times Book Review* . . . "his satire is to the quick, his wit clear and incisive"—*Indianapolis News* . . . "he's not afraid of originality"—*San Diego Union* . . . "It seems almost uncanny the way this author understands human nature"—*The Oregon Journal* . . . "a born story teller"—*Newark News* . . . THE FIRE DOOR AND OTHER STORIES by William Lobell . . . drama, romance, passion, humor, satire, burlesque crowd its 570 pages . . . "Well worth reading"—*Dallas News* . . . Ask for it at your bookstore . . . or order direct . . . $2.50.

THE READER PRESS, 49 W. 45th St., N. Y.

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spirit as communicated through fine and homely arts, and their general hopes and accomplishments. Mr. Langdon's unintegrated information simply is not history, since things and people remain two separate matters for him. He sets himself and his readers apart from his subjects because, though he has a flair for detail, he fails to employ it perspicaciously to make analyses, comparisons, or deductions for any significant purpose. When the utensils are predominantly the result of communal life, we are for the moment given an understanding of the people who created them, and such a chapter as the one on "Handwork at Ephrata" gives us the insight into the Pennsylvania German community which we desire throughout the book. Generally, however, Mr. Langdon seems too surprised at the humanity which his research into the inanimate occasionally revealed and with a peculiar ecstasy writes of men as if they were heroes or myths and not creatures of flesh and blood.

J. D. H.

HEROES OF THE ALCAZAR. By R. Timmermans. Scribners. 1937. $2.50.

Those agreeing with F. Yeats-Brown, who wrote the introduction to this book, that the defense of the Alcazar was "a symbol of the world's fight against the dark forces of materialism: the spirit of man triumphant over things of steel," may find spiritual sustenance in this volume. Others, who might question his conclusion that the siege is "a turning-point not only in the history of Spain, but of civilization," will be more likely to regard it as a somewhat juvenile, personalized, and thoroughly partisan account of what was after all only a minor incident in the course of the civil war. Written like a tabloid feature, "Heroes of the Alcazar" gives no coherent picture of the military operations involved. It contains no adequate analysis of the tactics of either side. It carries uncritical adulation of the defenders to an extreme. It extols the rebels and condemns the "Reds" who are destroying Spain. In short, it is pure propaganda, on the schoolboy cultural level, despite all the glowing phrases of Major Yeats-Brown and all the enthusiasm of the author.

D. H. P.

A MORAL HISTORY OF WOMAN. By Sarah Parker White. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $3.

A generation ago the "Woman Movement" was a true crusade. Then it was the clarion notes of Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis, Olive Schreiner, Charlotte Stetson Gilman, that summoned us to the battle and led us round and round the walls of Jericho. This, too, was a war to end war, and as the walls came tumbling down we fondly hoped that all talk of a "woman question," all books devoted to WOMAN, would now become as obsolete as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That this was merely another post-war delusion Dr. White's book is only one of dozens to testify.

In the "Moral History" Dr. White reviews the entire tale of woman's place in the scheme of things from primitive days down to the present. She has obviously devoted considerable research to her problem and although when compared with earlier tomes it is admittedly superficial, she has succeeded in presenting an easily read synopsis of the phases of women's emergence from what she calls the "pioneer" and "parasitic" types to the "proportionate" woman she hails today. By "proportionate" Dr. White means the woman who successfully adjusts her emotional, economic, and physical life without any sacrifice of either her intellect or her spirit. The best portions of the book are undoubtedly those that deal with the past. Of the modern situation with its economic threat to much that women have won, the author has far too little to say.

The battle-scarred feminists who twenty-five years ago marched with shining faces in suffrage parades, will find little that is new in this volume. Indeed those in whose ears phrases of *Women and Labor* still occasionally ring, will listen here in vain for trumpet calls. But there are other days, and a generation has grown up to whom women's struggle for "emancipation" seems as quaintly outmoded as Merry Widow hats. Much of the "Moral History" might well be required reading for high school students, and we wish they could be induced to follow it up with Winifred Holtby's "Women," published two years ago.

M. S. U.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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YOUNG LADY, Vermonter, now employed in Indianapolis, desires secretarial position with University group, or similar. Miss Pierce.

FELLOW EXILE of the flaming sword, who finds labor good, rejoices there is beauty still, and laughter: let's chart the way together. I've vision and courage; you have wisdom and strength. No-more-Niobe. Box 398-C.

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PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 196

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-G	2-T	■	3-J	4-U	5-T	6-C	■	7-Q	8-F	9-L	10-E	■	11-A	12-J	13-V	14-X
■	15-K	16-A	17-G	18-C	19-D	■	20-V	21-X	■	22-D	23-A	24-L	25-C	26-U	■	27-S
28-X	■	29-I	30-V	■	31-F	32-R	33-O	34-T	35-U	■	36-P	37-T	38-M	39-I	40-G	■
41-W	42-B	■	43-H	44-E	45-P	46-Q	47-K	48-G	49-F	■	50-W	51-L	52-A	53-B	54-K	55-F
56-N	57-C	58-H	59-J	■	60-B	61-S	■	62-B	63-H	64-J	65-E	66-F	67-M	68-R	■	69-O
70-Q	71-L	72-R	■	73-G	74-E	75-C	76-Q	■	77-Q	78-B	■	79-M	■	80-M	81-C	82-N
83-K	84-P	■	85-I	86-T	■	87-S	88-W	89-F	90-V	91-P	92-B	93-H	■	94-E	95-G	96-M
97-H	98-N	99-W	100-P	■	101-B	102-Q	103-F	■	104-A	105-C	106-F	107-D	108-N	109-Q	110-P	111-K
■	112-E	113-A	114-I	■	115-X	116-G	■	117-N	118-B	119-X	120-I	■	121-E	122-X	123-M	■
124-I	125-X	■	126-O	127-D	128-G	129-P	130-C	131-R	132-M	■	133-R	134-W	135-L	■	136-A	137-I
138-B	139-M	■	140-O	141-G	142-T	143-H	144-T	145-M	■	146-W	147-V	148-S	■	149-W	150-K	151-F
152-C	153-P	154-H	155-D	156-U	157-N	■	158-V	159-Q	■	160-P	161-J	162-T	163-K	164-D	165-E	166-G
■	167-W	168-B	169-X	170-H	171-T	172-F	■	173-D	174-S	■	175-I	176-T	177-R	■	178-Q	179-W
180-J	181-I	182-N	183-G	184-K	185-O	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Battle in Russo-Swedish War (1709).
B. Bombastic.
C. Tragedy by Aeschylus.
D. Native of a Philippine race.
E. Indians whose mythology is the basis of "Hiawatha."
F. Beset with mental conflict.
G. Neutral; apathetic.
H. Movable insect organs of sensation.
I. Fainting, swoon.
J. Mien; display.
K. Salutation; welcome.
L. Release from restraint.
M. An ancient Italian people.
N. Appellation of Bildad (Bib.).
O. Makes less painful.
P. Not intentional.
Q. One of the Erinyes (Gr.).
R. Author of "Tom Brown."
S. Hindu measure of distance (4-10 miles).
T. Russian composer (1891-).
U. Ancestor of the Hittites.
V. Having a flat breastbone.
W. Exceed in their sum.
X. Modern, new.

WORDS

52 113 104 136 16 11 23
53 42 168 60 62 118 101 78 138 92
57 25 105 152 130 75 18 81 6
173 127 107 155 22 164 19
44 94 74 112 165 121 10 65
103 66 89 172 151 55 106 49 8 31
1 48 40 17 141 116 95 128 183 166 73
143 58 97 93 43 154 63 170
39 124 181 85 114 137 175 29 120
180 64 59 12 161 3
15 83 150 54 184 47 163 111
24 51 71 9 135
123 132 145 38 139 80 79 67 96
56 182 82 108 98 117 157
126 140 69 33 185
160 129 36 153 84 45 91 110 100
7 77 159 109 178 46 70 102 76
32 177 68 133 72 131
148 174 87 27 61
171 34 176 162 37 2 144 5 86 142
4 35 156 26
13 147 20 158 90 30
134 50 149 99 88 146 41 167 179
125 14 21 28 119 122 115 169

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Superlatives for the Year's End

SONGS Old Q. would most like to sing: *John Peel, Simon the Cellarer,* and *I'll Go No More A-Roving,* grandest of chanteys (unexpurgated). ☞Most long-suffering man of letters: Mr. Percy Hutchison, who, after some 30 years of reviewing books still finds his name printed, about half the time, as *Hutchinson.* ☞Most intelligent remarks made about publishing: Mr. Alfred Harcourt's recent lecture at the N. Y. Public Library. It is reprinted in a pamphlet by the N. Y. P. L., and we wish all publishers and booksellers would read it in full, and meditate. ☞Best book we have read lately: *Out of Africa,* by Isak Dinesen (who wrote *Seven Gothic Tales*). It won't be published until spring, but you might remember we told you. ☞Bookseller who tried most earnestly to persuade us to read a good book: Harry Burton (Montreal) who gave us with his blessing a copy of *Scenes and Portraits,* by Frederic Manning (which E. M. Forster praises so strongly). ☞Among the Seven Most Blissful Ephesians, publisher who has a novel by George Gissing on his list and doesn't know it's there. ☞Among casual remarks of the year that stuck in our head, May L. Becker in Herald Tribune *Books* (October 10): "Most Gissing material is out of print." ☞Among contributions that pleased us:

Thumbs Along the Mohawk

Where savages once beat their way
Hitch-hikers do the same today:
The tramp, the wandering Jew, the bum,
All travel now by rule of thumb.

ARTHUR W. BELL.

☞Among pieces found by chance that moved and quickened us, *The Arts as Motive Power,* a speech by Maxwell Anderson at Carnegie Institute, reprinted in N. Y. *Times* October 17. If Carnegie Institute issued it in preservable form, wish they'd send us a copy. ☞Among rides we'd like to take: N. Y. to Philly (or vice versa) in the Reading Railway's new streamline train. This is a logical issue of our 20 years' campaign "to make New York and Philadelphia love one another." ☞Most exciting Come-Back of the year: revisiting the Plaza Grill Room with M. K., after about 8 years' absence; and finding the maitre d'hotel Cæsar still gracefully in command. But what a change: that old cloister of the masculine bibliophile is now thronged with ladies. ☞Best quotation (to our taste) of the month: Miss Repplier, *In Pursuit of Laughter,* quotes Santayana: "Everything in life is lyrical in its ideal, tragic in its fate, and comic in its existence." ☞Much might be said, but we shall not say it, about the various modes of pursuing Laughter; but we still find *The New Yorker Album, 1937,* the most philosophically humorous book of the year; and the *Punch* Christmas Annual one of the most deliberately sedative. ☞Most Surprising Statement: Prof. John Dollard of Yale, in his list of characteristics of the Normal Adult American Male: "He seeks to be concise in conversation." After studious self-examination we fear this is inaccurate. ☞Most encouraging note on the Younger Generation: Clifford Odets reads, and thinks about, Walt Whitman's *Democratic Vistas* (v. N. Y. *Times,* Nov. 21). ☞Most surprising ejaculation about Books: Secretary of Agriculture Wallace's speech at the New York Book Fair. ☞Best magazine reading of the year: Pearsall Smith's autobiography in the *Atlantic.* ☞Most useful idea in making slip-cases for books, invented by M. Lincoln Schuster in planning his home library. ☞Most beautiful slip-cases of the year, made by Bittner-Galland, 104 Fifth Ave. ☞Chiswick Book Shop, 3 W. 51, offers for $500 the original MS. (1905) of Ellis Parker Butler's famous *Pigs is Pigs.* ☞The Bennett Book Studios, 41 West 57, offer for $5 a copy of that memorable literary hoax *Spectra* (1916) in which Arthur Ficke and Witter Bynner gave themselves a good time. ☞In the same catalogue we find G. B. McCutcheon's *Brewster's Millions* (1903) —which McCutcheon published as by "Richard P. Graves" to prove that it was not necessarily an established name that sells a book, but the nature of the tale itself. ☞Thanks to J. S. W. (Cambridge, Mass.) for confirming our note on the Virgilian line used by Dr. Freud as a motto. It is *Æneid* VII, 312. ☞Raymond Adams (Chapel Hill, N. C.) in his *Thoreau Newsletter* informs us that in New Mexico there's a village called Thoreau. He says Robert Whitcomb discovered that its inhabitants were mystified by its name and call it *Through,* supposing this to refer to the Santa Fe trains. Adams says, "It's right on the Great Divide. So was Thoreau in many ways." ☞Our own idea was always that the Great Divide is at Reno.

Old Q. in Philadelphia

☞It was a good sentimental pleasure to be in Philadelphia again with a little time to wander down Chestnut Street, look into the old Mercantile Library and Leary's immortal bookshop where the staff keep perennially young and the building is so much newer and more spacious than of old. We found a one-volume edition of Sterne complete, for 50 cents; and when we thought we recognized Philip Warner's familiar blue pencil figures we learned that young Don Stuart has learned to make the price mark exactly as Phil always used to. Mr. Will Stuart, brother of the late well-loved Governor Ned (the only bookseller who ever became Governor of a State) welcomed us with all his oldtime courtesy. And over at Sessler's Miss Mabel Zahn showed us treasures in the private sanctum — some drawings by Joseph Conrad, particularly — and served wassail too. ☞Speaking of Conrad reminds us of the delightful little maritime editorial "J. Snipes, Cabin Boy" which was printed in the *Herald-Tribune* about three weeks ago. We admired it so much that we set the indefatigable M. L. S. to work to find out its author. It was written by Mr. Arthur C. Clarke, to whom we offer respectful gratitude and homage. ☞More Purchases for Pilgrim: *Algebra for Parents* ($2.50) a book we haven't seen but hear approvingly mentioned. ☞Portraits of great scientists, offered by *Scripta Mathematica,* 186 St. and Amsterdam Avenue. A second portfolio of these fine prints (Euclid, Kepler, Pascal, Laplace, etc., etc.) with biographies by Prof. David Eugene Smith is now announced — only $2.50 until Jan. 1st, $3 thereafter. ☞We were pleased to hear from Irvin Haas, conscientious young bibliographer of 581 Snediker Ave., Brooklyn, that he has started his own bureau to catalogue private collections or any other bibliographic commissions. We wish him luck: indeed we wish everyone luck, for we all need it.

☞Pleased to see the Columbia Univ. Press's *Pleasures of Publishing* holding forth on footnotes:

> This may be treason, but our chief objections to scholarly books are the *op. cit's, loc. cit's, cf's, et seq's, sic's, passim's, infra's,* and *supra's* with which their pages are peppered. We have before us such a book on one page of which there are nine footnotes. The first reads "Vide infra, pp. 71-72," the second, "Vide infra, p. 73," the third, "Vide infra, pp. 75-76," the fourth, "Vide infra, p. 79," and so on. Every one of those notes is a *vide infra.* We don't see why if an author wants to say *see below,* he feels he has to resort to *vide infra.* Possibly the most expressive of all these Latin conventions is *sic.* It may mean "Ha ha," "The poor dope doesn't know any better," "That's what he thinks," "Yeah?", etc. *Passim* means "here and there"; some use it for "scattered." *Op. cit's* and *loc. cit's* are convenient for the author, but an imposition on the reader, as all will agree who have had much experience going back to find the elusive work or place which was cited. As evidence of erudition, these short-cuts are not admissible. Scholars, especially young ones, are prone to lean too heavily upon them. The result, oftener than not, is muddy writing.

☞In connection with John Bakeless's *Christopher Marlowe,* Bob Hunt of Morrow writes: "In 1860 the fourth known copy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage* was sold at auction in New York for a quarter. One of the three other copies, in the Henry E. Huntington Memorial Library at San Marino, Calif., and the only one that has been on the rare book market in a century, sold for $12,900. . . . The other two copies are at Folger and at Oxford. Odd fact, the British Museum has none."

☞Last-minute random reflections for 1937 by a Q. Associate: ☞Wish more people had got excited about William Maxwell's *They Came Like Swallows* and Clyde Brion Davis's *The Anointed.* Did Davis's subtle and penetrating novel—the best thing of its kind since Lardner—suffer from title trouble? ☞Plaintive footnotes to all the reviews of James M. Cain's *Serenade:* (1) is it realism to make a broken-down opera singer talk and think like a prize-fighter? (2) won't some one point out that the scene in the Hollywood Bowl is the oldest hokum in the bag of tricks?

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